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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.....	721
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.....	A BYSTANDER. 723
Here and There.....	725
The Indian Wheat Trade.....	William Riach. 726
Some Features of Canadian Journalism.....	Observer. 728
LITERATURE—	
The Truth.—Poetry.....	J. M. H. 729
On Reading a Marked Volume.—Poetry.....	J. O. Smith. 729
Sailing on the Nile.....	730
Preaching, Ancient and Modern.....	730
THE SCRAP-BOOK.....	731
BOOK NOTICES.....	733
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	733
CHESS COLUMN.....	734

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

AGAINST nomination as a means of perpetuating the Senate, Mr. Blake has at last entered a protest. He does not propose to abolish the Senate, but to employ some mode of election, whether direct or indirect he does not say. What he claims is that the people should resume the power of selection; but it does not follow that the power should be exercised in the form of direct election. One of Mr. Blake's objections to the existing constitution of the Senate is that nomination is liable to overthrow the balance of parties, so far as to give everything to one party and nothing to another. This, it seems, was at one time very near coming to pass in Quebec. Mr. Joly, when he took office, had to rely on the services of two dissatisfied Conservatives, without whom he would not have been able to make the wishes of the Government known in the Senate. And the same state of things might happen at Ottawa. Senators, Mr. Blake observes, remain after their creators have lost public confidence. But worse than this happens. Men are not unfrequently appointed to the Senate after having lost, if they ever enjoyed, public confidence. At best, they represent only the party leaders to whom they owe their appointments. They can show no valid title to legislate for the nation. The selection of old men for Senators is the least fault of the system; but the appointment of men whom the constituencies have rejected tends to antagonize the will of the electors. Such appointments are not merely not representative: they are in direct opposition to the natural workings of the representative system. But the Senate is not to be reformed without a vigorous and persistent effort. A chance reference to the subject in an occasional speech will not bring about a change. Will Mr. Blake, now that he has put his hand to the plough, go on till success crowns his exertions?

As much is probably now known of the Conspiracy Case as will be revealed in the final trial. The chief point on which opinions differ is on the propriety of members of the House acting the part of spies for the avowed purpose of obtaining evidence to procure a conviction. To this question, as the facts stand, two different replies must be given. If it be assumed that the offer of a bribe was made to McKim, a crime had already been committed, and two courses were open to him: he could either denounce the crime at once, or wait till the offer was in a shape that would

enable him to go through the form of accepting. He might fairly do either without rendering himself liable to reproach. He chose the latter alternative, and if he had done no more his conduct would not have been open to censure. What he did beyond this is a question for the jury that is to try the case, and it would not be proper while the case is pending to pronounce upon facts on which different constructions may be put. But, if McKim endeavoured to bring others into the plot who had up to that time taken no part in it, he became at that stage of the proceedings a plotter himself; and if he succeeded in inducing these persons to sin, he doubly sinned himself. The originator of a crime is worse than the accomplices whom he gets to share his guilt. A man of high honour would not listen patiently to an assault on his virtue; he would be unable to dissemble so as to appear to entertain the proposal; the natural indignation which he would feel would find immediate and spontaneous utterance. He would end the parley at once and forever. A man so acting would be able to give evidence to which no suspicion would attach, and the conviction of the criminal would be best assured. To hesitate, to entertain proposals, to make promises for a consideration and in a written form, is to go far beyond the passive attitude. If to do all this were permissible for the purpose of obtaining corroborative evidence, it is not the less true that the man who so acts descends to a lower moral level than he would have stood upon if he had repelled the advance the instant it was made. He would have made a promise which he did not intend to keep, and he would have been obliged to justify himself on the ground that faith need not be kept with a political infidel. But when he goes beyond this and solicits parties to join the criminal by whom his own virtue had been assailed, he becomes himself an instigator of crime for which, as a ringleader, he incurs a deeper guilt than attaches to those whom he induced to become his accomplices.

ONE of the consequences of the settlement of the Boundary Dispute on the west in favour of Ontario is that the holders of timber licenses from the Federal Government find themselves in the position of trespassers on the domain of the Province, and without authority to continue their lumbering operations. A proclamation has been issued warning all persons not to cut timber in Ontario without the authority of a license from the Provincial Government. The holders of licenses which have become invalid have no course open to them but to apply to the recognized owners of the territory for new licenses. They may have to compete against others for a title to the limits they have hitherto held; and if they have acted in good faith under a Federal license, and should suffer loss through the decision of the Privy Council, they will have a claim for indemnity against the Federal Government. If any limits were held for speculative purposes by persons who had not utilized them, the holders will not have a strong claim for prospective profits. Timber limits are looked upon by the partisans of both Governments as a prize to be secured. Favouritism in their disposal can be prevented only by offering the limits at public sale, when every one has the option of bidding. This has been the rule in Ontario; and if this rule has recently been departed from to some extent, it is said, by way of defence, that the departure was not intended as a stepping-stone to the adoption of a new policy. It is desirable that the necessary change of license should be so made as to disturb as little as possible the course of the lumbering industry.

M. MERCIER has put in all the evidence he had to offer before the Jacques Cartier election commission, and the enquiry must soon draw to a close. M. Mercier, against whom the proceedings were directed, has not come out of the ordeal unscathed. That he received \$5,000 on condition that he was to drop the demand for disqualification against M. Mosseau is proved beyond all reasonable doubt. M. David, who negotiated the accommodation, says the money would not have been paid unless this end were attained; the associate counsel of M. Mercier says the object of the payment was to prevent disqualification being urged, and M. Trudel, whom M. Mercier sent for to finish the negotiation which M. David had begun, corroborates the evidence of the other two witnesses who were in a position to speak to the point. Against these witnesses the denial of M.

Mercier is little more than a plea of not guilty, especially as at one time he went so far as to deny the receipt of the money. Not only did he do this, but when M. Trudel had communicated the fact in writing to a third party, M. Mercier drafted a letter which he tried through an intermediary to get him to sign, in which the letter M. Trudel was said to have written was denounced as a forgery resorted to for the purpose of propagating calumny. M. Trudel was not to be led into the trap, and the exposure followed. But M. Mercier is not the only one whom this enquiry has hit; for if he received a bribe, the opposing party paid it, and if he fell, his fall was due to the temptation of his political enemies.

AN unfounded attempt has been made to account for the criticism to which a late judicial appointment has been subjected. Mr. O'Connor, it has been said, has been objected to because he is a self-made man, who commenced at the lowest round of the ladder and worked his way to the position he now occupies. No person of sense would think of making such an objection, and so far as we are aware it has not been made. In this democratic country such an objection would bring under the social ban a very large number of people. In England Sugden was not the less valued as a judge because he was the son of a barber. A lady who made a great figure in the society of Montreal was once reminded by an English officer that he had met a wealthy tradesman at her house. "Oh," said Madame D. "you must not mind that; in this country we are most of us tradesmen." No: on the ground alleged, there is no objection to the appointment of Mr. O'Connor; the objection is that a selection should be made with the view of influencing the vote of a section of the population, which happens this time to be the Irish Roman Catholics. Had Mr. Rose been personally objectionable his appointment would have met the same criticism; but, being acceptable on the ground of fitness, nothing was said in the way of objection.

ONCE more the Dynamiters have called public attention to their existence, this time by striking a blow in the French-Canadian city of Quebec. The two explosions which, in different parts of the new legislative buildings, took place in rapid succession, show that there was some plan, perhaps worked out by machinery, for timing the explosions. The legislative buildings are in some sort an embodiment of the Province of Quebec, against which it is impossible to conceive that the Dynamiters could have had a grudge. The outrage is wanton, and so far as the victim is concerned utterly causeless. So unexpected was the blow that a warning said to have been given by letter was regarded as a hoax. In the person who sent the letter an incipient informer may lurk; and if so, the reward of four thousand five hundred dollars for the discovery of the perpetrator of the deed may bring the secret to light.

AGAIN Mr. Blake has levelled a passing objection at the coal and bread taxes. For these duties no valid excuse can be offered. But a few words of criticism uttered at a banquet in Montreal is much less likely to be effective than a well-directed movement for repeal in the House of Commons. No such movement has yet been made by either party. The truth is, the hope of capturing the Nova Scotia vote makes both parties willing that these duties should remain. The coal and bread taxes offer a fine opportunity for the Opposition to raise a distinct issue in Parliament, but so far it has failed to do so. Nothing is to be gained by party leaders growing eloquent against the coal duties in Montreal while they are silent on the subject in Nova Scotia and ignore the question in Parliament. Taxes on coal and bread deserve condemnation everywhere and at all times, and until the Opposition proposes their abolition in Parliament its inaction will continue to make it a sharer in the responsibility of their continuance.

THE distress which has overtaken the fishermen of Labrador, owing to the failure of the fishery on the coast, is a contingency which is at any time liable to happen. The economic conditions under which these poor men carry on their industry afford no guarantee against the consequences of the occasional failure of the fishery at a given point. They, like the fishermen of Newfoundland, receive advances each year to enable them to carry on their operations, and when the sea has yielded its harvest the product is already heavily mortgaged. The failure of the fishery, a calamity to which sedentary fishermen are peculiarly liable, leaves them without any resource to fall back upon. A recurrence of the evil cannot be prevented so long as the fishery is carried on at the risk of poor fishermen, without sufficient capital at their disposal to enable them to cover the losses sustained at one point by the profits of a widely extended enterprise. Dutch fishing companies, which formerly carried on the fishery in

Davis Strait on a large scale, continuously divided heavy profits for a whole century. Under this plan, whatever its general merits or demerits, the working fishermen were never reduced to the extremity of despair from want and hunger. By a systematic application of capital to the business of fishing, local famines among the fishermen of Labrador and Newfoundland could easily be prevented, and there is absolutely no other remedy.

MR. GEORGE HAGUE, of the Merchants' Bank, complaining of the competition of the Government Savings Banks for deposits, suggests that the rate paid by these institutions should be one per cent. less than the banks pay. When one person undertakes to advise another what he should or should not pay for any particular thing, especially if the dispenser of the advice be a rival in business, he is not likely to find a willing listener. The object of the advice is, of course, to cause a transfer of the deposits from the Government Savings Banks to the chartered banks. The theory of the Government appears to be that it may fairly allow on deposits the rate it has to pay on loans in the open market. Mr. Hague replies that the effect of this policy is to compel the banks to pay more than they otherwise would be required to pay for deposits, and that commerce suffers in consequence. It cannot be said that there is any real antagonism of interest; for the Government can have no object in borrowing in this form rather than in another. But it may have a theory about its duty to provide a place of deposit for the savings of persons who do not keep bank accounts. It may fairly be questioned whether these savings are put to the best use when, after being borrowed, they are treated as part of the revenue of the country, instead of being employed, through the medium of the banks, in commerce or reproduction. Revenue these receipts are not; they form additions to the floating debt; and, if they are to swell the public debt at all, the increase should be in the funded form.

HUNTINGTON, Oregon, has been the scene of an outrage which marks in a special manner the real cause of the Opposition to Chinese immigrants. The labourers of other nationalities resident in the town came to a resolution that no Chinamen should be employed there. To enforce this decree, resort to violence speedily followed. An attack was made upon the Chinese quarter of the town, houses were gutted, personal property destroyed, money stolen, and the Chinese driven away. Other acts of violence, including the burning of a school-house, were committed. The despatch which gives an account of the affair adds significantly that no arrests were made. The attack on these Chinese workmen was made for the purpose of getting rid of their competition in the labour market. The spirit which prompted this outrage and inspired Congress to prevent the immigration of Chinese labourers is attempting to apply the same exclusion at Canadian ports. The anti-Chinese cry is not confined to British Columbia, the only Province in which Chinese immigration has been felt; it is echoed in Ontario, where a Chinaman is seldom seen. The few that have come here are employed in laundries, where they fill a gap in the ranks of labour; and their earnings are not so inconsiderable as to make good the objection usually urged against them. Cheap labour from other countries is not more welcome to the Irish and other labourers against whom it brings competition than Chinese labour. Italian labourers excite the same jealousy and meet the same opposition. That labour market is not free which is not open to all. To exclude some for the benefit of others is prohibition in its worst form. When the prohibition of immigrants commences by an attack on one nationality, circumstances must determine how far the rule of exclusion shall be carried at some future time. To-day the Chinaman is locked out; to-morrow the Italian may be threatened; and the day may come when the Irishman, who now votes for exclusion, may find himself of less value to the politician than at present. When the agricultural lands are all occupied, the great field for the employment of new comers will not be able to afford room for so many additional labourers, and those whom it will be possible to employ will obtain less returns from a soil of which the original fertility will have been exhausted. When the struggle for existence becomes fiercer, how is the rule of exclusion which has been set up in the name of American labour likely to work? If there be a desire to maintain an artificial scale of wages when the soil yields diminished returns for the labour expended on it, the temptation to put a check on the increase of labourers will be much stronger than at present. Exclusion can scarcely be maintained against a single nation without extending to others: either it must be abandoned altogether or the danger of its extension must be encountered.

WHATEVER else may be said of Mr. Gladstone's administration it can hardly be said to have been fortunate. The superior magnitude of the difficulties in Egypt and in Ireland has diverted attention from that in

South Africa, but the state of things is very bad in that quarter also. The Boers have occupied and annexed British territory, killed British subjects, hauled down the British flag, insulted British Commissioners, and threatened to drive the British authorities with contumely out of a country just placed under British protection. Of course the confidence of the aggressors and the danger increase daily, and unless the force of the Empire is soon put forth, there is every prospect of a conflict more serious than the Zulu War. Nominal disclosures have been obtained from the filibusters, but they are evidently of no value. The habitual cruelty of the Boers to the natives makes the repression of their inroads necessary in the interest of humanity as well as in that of the colony. The delay is excused on the grounds that England is preoccupied, that the colony is not at heart loyal, and that the British lion "is not a centipede and cannot put down his foot in a hundred places at once." That the British lion cannot put down his foot in a hundred, or even in three, places at once is a very pregnant truth, and one upon which all dependencies will do well to meditate. The Cape Colony is relying on the Mother Country for protection which the Mother Country cannot afford.

"BYSTANDER" ON CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.

In the British Parliament there is plenty of wisdom, but the critical question is whether, in the momentous session now approaching, that wisdom will have fair play. The struggle of centuries by which supreme power has been gradually transferred from the Crown and the aristocracy to the people now touches upon its close. Democracy has come, so all clear-sighted men in England and in Europe say. How to organize it and provide it with such safeguards that it may be a reign of public reason, not of popular passion, is everywhere the question of the hour. But the British Government and Parliament approach that question under two misleading influences, each of fatal strength—fiction and faction. Constitutional fiction laps them in the belief that the Crown is still, as in past ages it was, the Government; and that upon its authority and stability they may rely for the maintenance of political order and the regular conduct of the administration, whatever may be the condition of the House of Commons. What faction does with them it is unhappily needless to explain. Every member of them at this moment sees the present and the future, more or less, through its angry and distorting haze. The task imposed on them by destiny is no less than that of revising the Constitution; we might say, without much exaggeration, it is that of founding a Government; for at present, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, there is no legal government in England. The Crown and the Privy Council, which the law recognizes, are politically mere shadows of the past; the Cabinet, which is the real executive, is not recognized by the law. It is nothing but a committee of the leaders of the dominant Party. Party is its sole basis, and the sole basis of whatever Government there is. But Party is in a state of manifest and hopeless disintegration, not in England only, but in all other countries, including the United States. Nor is there any prospect of its restoration, the mental independence which spurns at Party discipline being the inherent tendency of the age, while in the British Parliament the Irish section is now completely outside all regular combinations. When the Franchise Bill shall have been passed, the only authority left will be that of an assembly elected almost by universal suffrage, large enough to be in itself a mob, and already preserved from anarchy only by the personal ascendancy of a man of seventy-five. Of the new electorate, the Irish portion avows beforehand its intention of using the vote for the destruction of the Commonwealth. What the honest but ignorant peasantry of England will do, no man can say. But the die will have been cast, the leverage of Conservative reorganization will have been lost. The social soil, meantime, is heaving with revolutionary movements of all kinds. All who look upon this scene with patriotic eyes must long to see, amidst all those wrangling partisans, some neutral statesman step forth, with a clear view of the situation, with no tie but the country, and no object but its welfare, to impose a truce on faction while the great problem is being solved, and the nation is being provided with a stable Government. But the wish is futile. No such man is there. The country is in the hands of Mr. Gladstone, whose ascendancy in England evidently remains unimpaired, whatever may be his position abroad, or the results of his administration in Egypt, in South Africa, or even in Ireland: and to the mind of that illustrious man, at this decisive hour, apparently no idea is present but that of a popular and philanthropic extension of the suffrage, without regard to fitness or loyalty, which shall "unite the whole nation"—Tories, Whigs, Radicals, Parnellites and Communists—"in one compact body round their ancient throne."

It appears certain that the "important business" which took Sir John Macdonald suddenly to England was no other than his health. He finds it necessary once more to consult that wizard of medicine Dr. Andrew Clarke. That Sir John's malady is caused or aggravated by the pressure on his conscience of the long train of his political misdeeds is a "devout imagination," to use John Knox's phrase, of the Opposition organs; but it involves two assumptions—one as to the reality of the sins, the other as to the moral sensibility of the alleged sinner, to one of which at least some might be inclined to demur. There is no reason for believing that the disease is organic, or that the Premier may not be spared for some years to repent of his wickedness in excluding virtue for so long a time from office. But he is seventy as well as sick, and we have been reminded that he has borne for forty years the heavy burden of power. It is melancholy work to dig a man's grave; to dance upon it by anticipation is indecorous. But since this sudden and ominous announcement the eyes of all men, and especially of all Tories, have inevitably been turned to the future, where they encounter nothing but clouds and darkness. In ordinary cases, when a government loses its chief, though there may be a doubt about the succession, a settlement of some kind there is sure to be: one party or the other at length forms an administration, and for better or worse the government goes on. But the case of Canada is not ordinary. It is that of an uncemented or ill-cemented Confederation, the jarring and disjointed members of which have so far been held together by the qualities, arts, experience, and accumulated influence of one man. When he departs the bow will be left without Ulysses, or rather the fiddle will be left without Paganini. The immediate succession will in all probability be grasped by Sir Charles Tupper, who is the greatest gladiator in the Ministerial Party, and altogether next the Premier its strongest man. Sir Leonard Tilley will hardly be a competitor; his character commands respect, but it is understood that his health has suffered from the toils of office, and it is certain that his star as a financier has paled. It is impossible that a devout liegeman of the Roman Catholic priesthood like Sir Hector Langevin should be accepted by the Protestant Provinces. But Sir Charles Tupper's hold upon the Party is uncertain; still more uncertain is his power of holding all the heterogeneous elements of the Tory league together, and making the Orangemen of Ontario march to the poll with the Roman Catholics of Quebec. Nor is the Opposition in better case. Its condition, like that of the other Party, seems to show that among the blessings of Party Government is not to be counted a plentiful succession of statesmen. It has been seeking reinforcement of late in rather dry places, and not much reinforcement has been found. Mr. Huntington's return to political life, if his health permits it, would be a more valuable accession than any yet gained, and at the same time a much better pledge of a truly Liberal policy. The world has moved on since the days when mere Gritism was a basis for a government. It is not unlikely that the Governor-General may be called upon to play a more active part than usual; and if he is, neither impartiality nor judgment will be wanting. However, Sir John Macdonald is not yet dead.

In the last WEEK "Caxton" propounded the question why more respect is not shown to journalists in this country. One reason he has himself supplied—they do not show sufficient respect to each other. When you see two men with furious countenances and torn clothes puffmelling each other as they roll together in the mud, you do not feel inclined to seek their acquaintance with the view of asking them to dinner. If members of the Press wish to obtain their natural standing in the estimation of society, their mutual personalities must cease. That they should obtain an artificial position, socially or politically, is not to be desired. There ought to be no mystery or pretence about this any more than about any other calling. A man does not, by buying himself a font of type, invest himself with a public mission, or with any special jurisdiction over the actions and characters of his fellow-citizens. If a journalist does his duty to society, honourably and like a gentleman, society will give him his due. It will give him his due likewise if he sells his journal to an interest or a faction, uses disgraceful language, or, worst of all, invades private life and traduces private character for the purpose of vending to prurient readers a filthy and criminal sheet. In some countries, notably in France and Spain, journalism has commonly been the stepping-stone to public life. It is more than doubtful whether in the interest of the community or in that of journalism itself the extension of the system is to be desired. At all events, the first day of public life ought to be the last of journalism. The functions of the statesman and those of the political critic are distinct, and cannot be combined without detriment to both. We have had enough of journals which were the personal organs and the private guillotines of politicians constituting themselves, beneath the mask of

impartiality, the critics of their own actions and of those of their opponents. Ten years ago, the press of Ontario was a literary Dahomey. This state of things, at all events, we have left behind. The two great party organs are now in the hands of men of honour; they exchange hot shot, and this, while the party system lasts, they will continue to do. It is idle to expect anything else; but they do not, like their predecessors, use their journals for the furtherance of their personal ends or the destruction of their personal enemies. There is violence in their editorials, but there is not malignity. We have, it is true, to deplore the arrival among us of what is elegantly termed the "social" press; but this, like the other pests of civilization, was sure to come, and if the social body is sound it may yet throw off the disease. Mutual personalities, while they degrade the whole profession, render Press Clubs and reunions impossible. Men at the opposite poles of opinion on public questions may nevertheless meet privately on a footing of perfect amity, and they do so constantly in England to the great advantage of all. But a man cannot meet on a footing of amity in the evening one who has been traducing his personal character in the morning, no matter whether it has been done in a newspaper or elsewhere.

It seems strange that a government should derive a great accession of strength from the mere decision of a lawsuit. Ontario, it is presumed, owes the judgment of the Privy Council in her favour to the justice of her cause; and if a wreath is to be twined for any brow, it should be, apparently, for the brow of the able counsel by whom that cause was pleaded. Yet the fact is incontestable that the Mowat Government has gained greatly, while the Opposition has lost heavily, by the result of the Boundary appeal. It is said that Conservatives took an active part in decorating the streets for the reception of Mr. Mowat at Woodstock. The territory acquired is pronounced by all who have seen it of no apparent value, at least as far as arable land or timber is concerned; but it was the prize of a struggle in which the feelings of the Province had been enlisted. The Provincial Opposition has been sacrificed, not in this matter alone, to the corporate objects of the Party of which it is a limb, and of which the ruling member is Quebec, a Province antagonistic, not to say hostile, to Ontario. This is a desperate position, and its disadvantages were signally displayed by the Boundary Dispute in which Quebec was really the adverse party and had put her veto at Ottawa on the acceptance of the Award. At the last election the Opposition exerted all its strength and won some seats; but the net result was failure; and the stone heaved by a deadlift effort to the brow of the hill has been rolling down again ever since. Even the devotees of the Party system, it is believed, admit that nothing can be worse than a Party Government without an effective Opposition. Without an effective Opposition, however, Party Government in Ontario is likely for some time to be. Patronage and influence of every kind are being used with the utmost assiduity to strengthen the intrenchments of the Government, and there will soon be neither a schoolmaster nor a tavern-keeper in the Province who is not a pledged supporter of Mr. Mowat. The last rivet will speedily have been added to the chain. The leader of the Opposition needs stronger men around him, and for want of them fair chances have more than once been lost. But above all things he needs free hands and liberty to take up a sound position as the head of a party in this Province. His strategy is ruined and, unless he can emancipate himself, will continue to be ruined by his thralldom to Ottawa and Quebec. There is no use in his championing Federalism, unless he can induce Quebec to be Federal instead of being, as she is, sectional in the highest degree. The weak point in the position of the Government is its vassal alliance with the head of the Roman Catholic Church. If Mr. Meredith were at liberty to move on the line indicated by an appreciation of that fact, he would find himself at all events supported by a hearty and steadfast following. But when he turns his eyes in that direction he sees the menacing shadows of Ottawa and Quebec.

MR. CLEVELAND is partly compensated for the calamitous adhesion of Tammany to his cause by the declaration of the Irish National League in favour of his rival. Mr. Blaine is to receive the votes of the dynamiters as the candidate who in their opinion is most likely to involve the United States in a war with England. Americans will not fail to moralize on the character of Fenian citizenship and the value of Fenian citizens. Nothing could be more moderate or unobjectionable than the language of Mr. Blaine on the subject in his letter of acceptance. He merely promised protection to American citizens in foreign countries while they were engaged in their lawful callings. In this there is no dynamite. Murder is not in the estimation of civilized men a lawful calling, neither is kindling civil war. But the Invincibles have persuaded themselves notwithstanding

that Mr. Blaine is their man, and there is no doubt that they are everywhere exerting themselves in his favour. They may be merely speculating on his general Jingoism, and on the mischievous effect which it is likely to have on negotiations respecting the Fisheries Question, or that of the Darien Canal. But after the revelation which we have just had of his habits it is impossible to feel sure that he has not given underhand the criminal assurances which he ostensibly withheld. That he deemed it necessary to withhold them is a welcome proof of the difficulty which, if he should be elected President, he would have in making them good. There is every reason to believe that the feeling of native Americans toward the land of their fathers is entirely kind; in the hearts of all time has laid its healing hand on the ancient wound, and among the more highly educated an ampler knowledge of history has had its effect in dissipating the rancour contracted by poring exclusively over the annals of the Revolutionary War. But a surer guarantee is afforded by the ties of commerce. The wheat-grower of the West would combine with the cotton-grower of the South in protesting against the conversion of the American Government into the engine of an Irish feud. The truth is that, whatever may be said by vote-hunting politicians and their organs, nowhere would a display of firmness on the part of the British Government be more heartily applauded than in the United States. Those who have suffered under Tammany and who remember the Draft Riots understand this question pretty well. Still we have seen to what weakness and connivance may lead. It is the duty of all men of British race on this continent who do not wish to see the centre of British and Protestant civilization wrecked by a horde of infuriated savages, to show themselves ready for defensive action, and prepare, if necessary, to teach the politicians, whether American or Canadian, that there are safer lines of business than the purchase of the Fenian vote by attacks upon the British Union.

It is believed in England that the farmers have lost half of their capital within the last few years. There has been a run of bad harvests; but harvests have been bad, and for several successive years, before now, without producing anything at all like the present depression. That which is really ruining the British wheat-grower is foreign competition, against which he cannot make head with a variable climate, and with a soil the productiveness of which is kept up only by a prodigal use of manure. Kinder suns will come, but they will hardly bring back hope. That the farmer should get Protection again is morally impossible. The artisans, who hold the key of the political position, will never endure the re-imposition of a tax on food, and the suggestion was no sooner broached than it encountered their decisive veto. The farmer's only chance is the substitution of other industries, such as dairy farming and the production of vegetables, for the wheat-growing to which from immemorial habit he desperately clings, and which he seems to regard as the only agriculture consistent with his dignity. This is the most conspicuous, but it is not the only case of heavy loss inflicted on an existing industry by that which will be the gain of the world at large. Farmers in Pennsylvania find themselves overwhelmed with a deluge of wheat from the West, and are compelled to turn to new kinds of production in order to save themselves from ruin. Ontario must look forward to a trial of the same kind as soon as wheat-growing in the North-West shall have attained its full proportions and the means of transport shall have been completed. Men connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway have been heard to boast that in a few years the Loan Societies of this Province would have all their securities on their hands. There can be little doubt at all events that wheat-growing will become comparatively profitless, and that our farmers will have, like the Pennsylvanians, to adapt themselves to circumstances and change their lines of production to meet the altered market. It is a subject which calls for the prompt attention of the friends of agriculture. Nor could the partisans of the Scott Act have chosen a worse moment for ruining the barley industry and nipping in the bud the wine industry of which fair hopes were entertained.

PROOFS are always coming to us that the Anti-Semitic movement in Germany and Eastern Europe is still, as Mr. Lucien Wolf calls it in his recent essay, a question of the day. A question of the day it is likely to remain wherever the Hebrews exist in great numbers until they change their habits and their bearing towards the Gentile population. People will not, if they can help it, let themselves be preyed upon forever by a devouring horde of alien extortioners. Worried to desperation by the swarm of flies, the horse will kick; and this is what the peasant in Hungary, Russia, Poland and Roumania is now doing. The frantic plungings of the tortured animal only show how maddening is the sting. Mr. Lucien Wolf asks what is Judaism. In a religious point of view orthodox Judaism is Mosaic

Legalism surviving, together with Tribalism, into an era of spiritual and universal religion. The orthodox Jew of Russia, Hungary or Poland believes that the Mosaic law is the final revelation, and that no jot or tittle of it is ever to pass away. His relations as a member of the chosen people to the Gentiles, he believes, will always remain unchanged. On the day of Purim he still celebrates a festival of Tribalism and of Semitic revenge by exulting over the execution of Haman and his sons for the offences of the father against the tribe of Israel. Christianity he regards as it was regarded by Caiaphas. But the creed of the Liberal Jew in Paris or New York it would not be very easy to define. Perhaps it may be said to be Theism without belief in the immortality of the soul. Mr. Lucien Wolf accepts for Judaism the designation of "Material Optimism," and says that it holds that the possibilities of human knowledge are limited to the visible world and teaches, in contrast to Christianity, that temporal happiness is the goal of existence and the whole aim of action. The religious question, however, practically is the least part of the matter, and certainly would never by itself give birth to these calamitous disturbances. The Jews are a parasitic race, without a country of their own, declining as a rule labour of the ordinary kind, and spreading over the world to subsist, by money-lending and cognate trades, upon the industry of the Gentiles. They form everywhere a nation apart from the community in which they sojourn, held together by exclusive intermarriage, and at the same time a commercial Ring, the members of which play everywhere into each other's hands. It is in this character that Judaism provokes and always has provoked the enmity of all races, not Christian alone, but Pagan. Mr. Wolf complacently admits "that there is no small amount of truth in the Anti-Semitic assertion that in Germany, at least, the national aspirations are stifled by an overmastering Judaism." He could scarcely have penned a more complete defence of Stöcker. What patriot would not strive to prevent the aspirations of his nation from being stifled, after a heroic and costly struggle for national existence, by the overmastering influence of a tribe of alien stockjobbers? Mr. Wolf asserts the superiority, moral, intellectual, and physical, of his race to all other races with a tribal arrogance which would, in itself, be enough to account for a good deal of unpopularity. Morally, however, it may be doubted whether any portion of civilized humanity is lower than the Russian and Polish Jew. Intellectual sharpness is the natural result of the habit, kept up by the Hebrew through so many centuries, of living by his wits, and not by his hands. In the physique of the Jew there is nothing remarkable; and Renan, who is the best authority, decides against the purity of the race. The Jews, even when in outward appearance squalid, are usually well-off, and have better food than other people of the same class: they marry early; and, happily for them, their women are as yet free from the aversion to maternity which is a feature of the sexual revolution and is becoming the bane of other races. Hence they multiply: yet not faster than the Irish or the French of Quebec. There is, therefore, no necessity for having recourse to the hypothesis of Mr. Wolf, who ascribes magical efficacy to the retention by the Chosen People of the sexual laws and the hygiene of Moses. It would have been a supernatural revelation indeed, if a primeval lawgiver had forestalled the progress of sanitary science for all time. The precept against eating blood, which Mr. Wolf deems invaluable in a hygienic point of view, is in Leviticus not hygienic, but religious. The blood is sacred, and forbidden as food, because it is the life of the animal. Other precepts are local: in the East swine are scavengers, and it is only in Palestine that the hare is a ruminant. In the persistence of the race there is nothing miraculous: the Parsis, another parasitic race, have maintained their separate existence for twelve centuries, and there is no reason why the Armenians should not do the same. Even the Zingari have shown great tenacity of separate life. That a mysterious interest continues to be attached to the Jewish race above other wanderers is mainly due to that very Christianity which Mr. Lucien Wolf holds in such light esteem.

Among the voluminous literature of the great debate between Religion and Science comes a profound treatise by Mr. Arthur on the "Difference Between Physical and Moral Law." The sum of Mr. Arthur's contention is that there are two orders of law differing in the agents ruled by each respectively, physical laws ruling unconscious agents, moral laws ruling conscious and responsible agents. But surely Austin is right in confining the term law to "rules laid down for the guidance of an intelligent being by an intelligent being having power over him." Lewes also, as Mr. Arthur reminds us, said that "law" implied authority and government, and as an Agnostic desired that the word should be dropped out of scientific terminology. Dropped out of scientific terminology it ought to be, if men of science wish, on Agnostic grounds or any other ground,

to keep the Theistic hypothesis out of sight; for, applied to nature, it is distinctly a theological term. The idea of a law cannot be separated from that of a lawgiver, nor can it be attached to that of a mere force. Science can be cognizant of nothing but observed uniformities of phenomena. "Method," which Lewes proposed to substitute for law, plainly carries with it the idea of a Supreme Intelligence. It makes no difference whether the will of the Creator is manifested to us through a Revelation, through our moral nature, or through the operation of physical forces which constrain us under physical penalties to do certain things and abstain from others. When we talk of obedience to the laws of nature, nature is another name for God. As a general rule it is not desirable to be punctilious about terms, and we might be content to let Science use the term law with the understanding that in her language it is merely metaphorical, and simply denotes a uniformity similar to that of a supreme and unvarying will. But unfortunately the term is so steeped in juristic and theological associations that it inevitably carries them with it, enter what caveats you may. The result is that an unfair advantage is given; not to Theism, but to Agnosticism, which is thus enabled to fill the moral void left by its philosophy and reconcile the soul to Atheism by offering to the mind an apparent substitute for God. The "laws" of nature are held up to us as objects of trust and reverence, and devout conformity to them is presented as a scientific religion. But no mere combination of observed uniformities can carry us at most beyond the notion of a cast-iron fate.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

Mr. HOYLE, in our last number, had a perfectly fair answer to those who arraigned the Undertaker's Convention. The Undertakers had a right to "convent," as the Yankees would say, like other citizens, and the somewhat sombre character of their subjects need not prevent them from having a cheerful meeting. No doubt they are just as honourable as any other class of merchants, and supply their customers at a fair price with the goods which the customers demand. But it is hardly true that the customers are under no pressure: they are under the pressure of tyrant fashion, which in the hour of affliction, and when the honour of the beloved dead is supposed to be concerned, it is morally impossible to defy. Thus, in poor families, a heavy burden is too often laid on the survivors, when perhaps the bread-winner has been taken away. It is pretty clear however that a radical change will soon be made in funeral customs. Cremation visibly gains ground. It appeals to sanitary considerations, to taste, to which the protraction of decay by coffin burial is revolting, and to the fear of being buried alive, which horrible occurrences have proved not to be chimerical. Sensible Christian divines like Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, have decided that Christianity is in no way opposed to the change. Mr. Hoyle and his fraternity will soon have to hold a convention to consider the means of providing cremation for those by whom it is preferred.

It is as unnecessary to comment upon Irving's acting each time that he comes here as it is to comment upon the characters in the plays which he acts. What would have been Shakespeare's feelings if he could have seen "Hamlet," or "The Merchant of Venice," put upon the stage as it was the other evening! Three centuries have intervened between the dramatist and the worthy interpretation of his work. It is curious to think how entirely English tragedy and the highest kind of acting are identified in our minds with the Shakespearian drama. Not a single really great tragedy has been produced since the Elizabethan era unless it be "The Cenci," which, by the hideous character of its plot, is excluded from the stage. Even of the Elizabethan dramatists, however, there is not one except Shakespeare who keeps the stage, or whom anybody would wish to see restored to it. So far as we are concerned, one man is all. And about the personal history of that one man we know absolutely nothing, though so many Shakespearian scholars are poring with microscopes over a blank sheet of paper in the hope of tracing some faded characters. The opening of the Shakespear's grave, if it was not too great a sacrilege, might possibly, by revealing the shape of the head, help us to identify the true portrait.

THERE were twenty failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with thirty-three in the preceding week, and with twenty-six, sixteen, and eleven respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. In the United States there were 213 failures reported to Bradstreet's last week, as compared with 188 in the preceding week, and with 166, 125, and 117 respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About eighty-five per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE general distribution of merchandise continues on a strictly conservative basis. Special telegrams to Bradstreet's agency tell of a somewhat better trade at Kansas City, at Topeka, and at leading Southern distributing centres; but no gain has been recorded at the leading commercial centres. Mercantile collections are reported better in some localities and less satisfactory in others. The money markets West are still close, and loans are made only on exceptionally good paper. Most of the funds loaned by the Chicago banks have gone into the North-West wheat regions. Such improvement as has been noted at trade centres has in a large part been found in the heavier lines of dry-goods and clothing, which have been brought into requisition by the cooler weather. At the East dry-goods buyers continue to operate cautiously, and owing to the backward season with retailers the demand for re-assortments is very light. At the Western centres the advent of cooler weather has brought about a relative improvement only, the volume still being smaller than that disposed of last year. Prices are low and cut close. Clothing jobbers East say trade is dull, and that collections are unsatisfactory. The week's weather at the South was warm and dry, and cotton-picking is making continued rapid progress. The cotton market at New York is dull and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. lower, with middling uplands at 10 cents; but the Southern markets are fairly active and steady. Speculation in wheat and corn has been very dull, and prices of the former have declined in the absence of foreign demand and the noticeable increase in shipments by farmers, and the beginning of a heavier movement from interior markets to tide water. Indian corn, too, has declined in price, frosts having suggested earlier deliveries than were expected, and the cornering of the current delivery having driven the outside interest away. Relatively no demand has depressed cash corn, which has declined 3c. in the week. Cash wheat has gone off 2c. per bushel. Hog products have been firmer. Lard has had the greatest advance, the price for the week having gained $\frac{1}{4}$ c. per pound. Smaller receipts of hogs, lighter stocks, and colder weather have helped this advance. There is no change in the iron market. Tin is cheaper and weak. Steel rails are firmer at \$29 to \$30. The reported compact to restrict production of rails for six months of 1885 is still under discussion. Petroleum continues depressed while awaiting the test of the Butler field. Ocean freight rates are dull and nominal for wheat cargoes, and this at a period when exports should be heavy. Leaf tobacco for export is scarce and firm. Consumers of wool have been buying cautiously; but values on desirable wool have been very steadily maintained.

DISSATISFACTION has been caused in England by the treatment of Royal guests, who, instead of being entertained at any of the Royal palaces, have been allowed to go to a hotel. It is noted that the only personage of importance who has ever been very cordially received by the Queen was that semi-barbarous and exceedingly unclean potentate the Shah of Persia. The public feeling on this point is embittered by the belief that the object of Royalty in evading its social duties is to hoard money and that it is accumulating an immense fortune. None but social duties are now left for Royalty to perform, and the renunciation of these is abdication. Most ungracious of all, and most disastrous in its consequences, has been the obstinate refusal of the Court to show itself in Ireland. Everybody who knows the Irish character is convinced that the occasional presence of the Queen would have produced the best effect on the hearts of the people. When she did pay the island a short visit, she was enthusiastically received. But Royalty can seldom be brought to make the least sacrifice of its own inclinations or even its fancies; and though the advice to cultivate the affections of the Irish people has been often tendered it has been tendered in vain. The Prince of Wales seems now inclined to show himself in Ireland. It is too late.

It seems there has been another case in England of betrayal of a confidential document to a newspaper. Before, the betrayer was a civil servant; now, he is one of the Queen's printers. The document in the former case was the agreement between Lord Salisbury and Count Schouloff; in the present case it is the Government plan of Redistribution, which was no doubt being printed for confidential circulation among the Cabinet. In the second case, as in the first, the *Standard* is the criminal recipient of the document, which in both cases must have borne the mark of theft and treachery plainly stamped upon it. This is very disgusting. It might have been supposed that when Honour and Fidelity left the earth their footprints would linger in the offices of the British Civil Service: almost equal confidence was reposed in the Queen's printers. The editor of the newspaper who buys the stolen intelligence deserves the penitentiary as richly as the thief. Thirty or forty years ago, when a confidential document belonging to a public office in England got astray, and an appeal was

made by the head of the office to the editors of the newspapers not to publish the document if it came into their hands, the unanimous answer was the appeal was quite unnecessary, as no editor of a respectable journal would think of publishing a document manifestly confidential, and which had not come fairly into his hands. But the British Press seems now to have risen to the height of American enterprise and sunk to the level of American morality.

THE autobiography which Lord Malmesbury, Lord Derby's Foreign Secretary, has published in his old age, is evidently the work of an *enfant terrible*, and is throwing on points of Party history a light which will not be welcomed by his Party. He gives a blow to the Beaconsfield legend, by showing that the stoical and sphinx-like impassiveness of Disraeli was merely a mask worn in public, while in private the wearer was liable to extreme elation and despondency. The policy which was represented as so profound and so firmly based on principle was in reality the haphazard off-spring of distracted counsels, and was most truly described by Lord Derby as a leap in the dark. Lord Malmesbury, who was a great personal friend of Louis Napoleon, has also fixed upon the right shoulders the responsibility for the Franco-German War. The Emperor was disposed to accept the settlement of the diplomatic quarrel proposed by Berlin. But at the decisive council held at St. Cloud the Empress made a violent and excited speech declaring that war was inevitable if the honour of France was to be sustained. She was backed by Marshal Leboeuf, and thus a worthless, frivolous, and priestridden woman, supported by a swaggering charlatan, sent tens of thousands to bloody graves and brought ruin and dismemberment on the country. Nor did the noxious activity of Eugenie end there; for she it was who from selfish fear for her dynasty prevented the Emperor from falling back with the army on Paris when that move might have been the salvation of France.

NOTHING can be more hideous than this resurrection, through the publication of posthumous papers, of the wretched quarrel between the late Lord Lytton and his wife. People who can fatten on such scandal must have a very keen appetite for carrion. It was the common case of a man of extreme sensibility and vivid imagination who had married an angel and when the honeymoon was over found that she was a woman. The scenes that followed were revolting outrages on the sanctity of conjugal affection, and the memory of them ought to have been buried for ever in the graves of the unhappy pair. There can be no doubt that Lord Lytton was greatly to blame, and that his behaviour, compared with the sentiments of his novels, proves him to have been a literary hypocrite. But the conduct of Lady Lytton was also disgusting, if she was not insane. She published, in the form of a novel, a libellous satire on her husband. On his election day at Hertford she drove up in a chaise, mounted the hustings after him, and poured forth a torrent of invective against him to the assembled crowd. The incident gave occasion to a squib, ascribed, though it is impossible to suppose truly, to their son, of which one stanza was:

Who came to Hertford in a chaise
And uttered anything but praise
About the author of my days?
My Mother.

THE INDIAN WHEAT TRADE.

THE rapid growth of the Indian wheat trade within the last ten years may well attract the most serious attention of agriculturists and politicians in this country. Less than a dozen years ago, America (including Canada) had only one important rival (Russia) in the English wheat market. The sudden appearance of India in that market, as a more formidable competitor, was due to the removal in 1873 of the Indian export duty. Before that date, the annual export of Indian wheat hardly exceeded two and a-quarter millions sterling. In a few years it rose to eight and a-half millions. The increase has been accelerated by the gradual extension of the Indian railway system, and in 1881-82 the English demand for wheat from India was necessarily increased by the deficiency of the crops in America. Now, the question that naturally occurs to people in this country is whether the Indian wheat trade is an infant Hercules, capable of attaining gigantic proportions and irresistible competing power, or if it has already put on its full strength. In looking to the future of our grain trade, have we to reckon with a contribution to the English market on the part of India of an annual million of tons, or is the Indian export likely to go on growing as it has done during the last ten years? This, no doubt, is the question we are expected to answer, and unfortunately it is a question to which no satisfactory answer is forthcoming. The present writer has been a resident of India and a student of its political and economic condition

since the beginning of this wheat trade, and has watched its growth with the keenest interest, but he has never been able to form, nor has he met with any serious Indian publicist who has yet presumed to form, a decided opinion as to its future. Eighteen months ago Sir Evelyn Baring, then the Indian Finance Minister, confessed, in the course of his annual financial statement, that on this subject he could offer no opinion which was better than mere conjecture. Readers of Canadian newspapers may have observed that Sir Richard Temple, who has at different times governed three of the Indian provinces, who has seen with his own eyes more of India than perhaps any other man ever did, and who is, moreover, the most omniscient of Anglo-Indian authorities—even Sir Richard Temple, when asked what he thought of the future of the Indian wheat trade, had practically no opinion at all on the question. We know that the acreage on which wheat is actually grown in India is about twenty-five or twenty-six millions, that the average yield is only nine and a-third bushels, and that of the annual out-turn, averaging thirty and a-half million quarters, about one-seventh part is certainly available for exportation. The actual export amounted in 1882 to fifteen million hundred-weight, and in 1883 to twenty-two and a-half millions, and it is stated that this large outflow had no effect on prices in the wheat districts. But when we enquire whether the demand for Indian wheat is likely to lead to increased production and a much larger exportation, the best authorities declare themselves, as we have seen, unable to offer us any answer but a conjecture; and even of conjectures prudent Indian statesmen are chary.

Before passing on to the region of conjecture, we may say a word as to the quality of Indian wheat. A very large part of the wheat production of India is unfit for exportation even were it not required for home consumption. The defect does not lie in soil or climate, for it has been satisfactorily proved that the country can and does produce wheat of the very highest qualities. But the Indian farmer has hitherto exercised little or no care in the choice of his seed, and is singularly indifferent as to the cleanliness of the grain which he sends to the market. And there is one peculiarity in his method of cultivation which stands much in his way as an exporter. The vicissitudes of the climate compel him to calculate on frequent failures of his crop, and wheat is so liable to suffer from drought that it has become a common practice with the farmer to sow a mixture of wheat and one of the hardier grains of the country, so that if the wheat perish, the other grain may produce a crop which will at least be better than nothing. Consequently Indian wheat is not only dirty in the ordinary sense, but is generally adulterated with coarser grain. We believe it has been found necessary for the merchant at the seaport to subject the wheat bought in the native market to an elaborate process of cleansing, and this of course adds to its cost in two ways. The labour costs something, and the result is an appreciable diminution in bulk. Since the export trade grew into importance Government officials in the wheat tracts have made strenuous efforts to inculcate among farmers the importance of carefully cultivating a pure grain of high quality, and already there has probably been some improvement. But the best spur to improvement is in this case a somewhat blunt instrument, because, of all the parties concerned, it is the Indian cultivator who derives the least profit from the export trade. We shall have occasion to refer again to this matter. Here we may add, that Indian flour is certainly growing in favour with the English baker, owing, we believe, to its taking up more water than American flour; and that in 1879 Dr. Forbes Watson, an expert, in a report to the Houses of Parliament, stated that from almost every wheat-growing district in India he had obtained samples of wheat equal to the finest Colonial wheat, which showed that, in spite of all that was said as to their "careless and shiftless modes of cultivation," there were to be found in every district Indian farmers "as keenly alive to the advantages of selection of seed and of careful cultivation as the most intelligent English farmers." Our own opinion is that such farmers are far more rare in India than Dr. Watson, judging from carefully selected samples, was inclined to infer. But it appears safe to conclude that, if the other conditions needful to the further growth of the Indian wheat trade can be established, its increase will not long be retarded by inferiority of quality.

Three ways are suggested in which the exportation of Indian wheat may be greatly increased, and there are sanguine writers who do not hesitate to predict that India will before long be able to monopolize the whole of the English wheat trade. One of these suggestions is practical and is being acted upon; the others are at present in the purely visionary stage. The first is that new railways should with all speed be pushed into the heart of every wheat-growing tract where this means of transport does not already exist. The others are, (1) that improved methods of cultivation should be introduced; and (2) that the area under wheat should be largely increased. We shall begin with the last. "At the present mo-

ment," says a recent writer, whose pamphlet produced a great effect in England, "in the Punjab alone, independent of the area now under cultivation, there are 9,182,000 acres of cultivable waste, the property of Government, not to mention enormous tracts in Central India and Burmah, all admirably suited for wheat cultivation, and all needing *only irrigation and population* to bring them under the plough." The few words we have italicised, and especially the little word "only," will serve to indicate the character of much of the writing current on this subject. Schemes for the irrigation and colonizing of these waste tracts are often propounded by ardent (and generally youthful) officers of the Indian Government, and one or two disastrous attempts have been made to carry out such a scheme. But it may be safely predicted that the whole of the Canadian North-West will wave with wheat before a tithe of the cultivable waste of India is brought under the plough. No one will deny that it may be possible to increase, in the course of time, the wheat-growing area of India, but there is no present probability of the Indian Government engaging in the costly enterprise of irrigating vast unpeopled tracts in the hope that the least migratory people in the world may be induced to colonize them.

But we are assured by such writers as the pamphleteer whom we have quoted that even without adding an acre to the present wheat-growing area the produce may easily be doubled, if not trebled. The average yield is, as we have said, only 9½ bushels per acre, and one naturally supposes that this is much less than the land would produce under a proper system of farming. "Experiments," we read, "carried on in the Government farms have proved that *irrigation, with a proper system of manuring*, more than trebles the average Indian yield; and there can hardly be a doubt that farming in India would improve all along the line directly it became the interest of the Indian peasant to materially increase his production." Here again we have italicised a few significant words. Give Archimedes his lever and fulcrum and he will move the world. Transform the whole wheat area of India into model farms and you will treble the yield. Well irrigated and well manured, the soil of many parts of India would undoubtedly produce wheat harvests which no country could surpass. But it must be both irrigated and manured, and, while irrigation is in most parts practicable, adequate manuring is not practicable. We have so completely denuded India of its forests that the peasants in most parts are absolutely unable to procure any other fuel than that which is dropped by their cattle. This they carefully collect and dry in the sun, and it is the only fuel with which they cook their victuals. They have nothing to spare for manure, and their extreme poverty precludes the possibility of their purchasing either manure or fuel. In these circumstances, if the Government were to carry out costly systems of irrigation, charging a water rate on the cultivator for the supposed benefit he would derive, the consequence would be that irrigation without manuring would force a crop or two of wheat which would quickly exhaust the fertility of the soil. But the truth is that the whole annual yield of the soil is already less contemptible than it is made to appear by the simple statement that the wheat crop is only nine and one-third bushels an acre. In all the best parts of the country the farmer sows two and often three crops a year. He grows his wheat in the cool season, and at other seasons the same fields yield other harvests. This fact is not considered by many who talk glibly of the ease with which the produce might be increased. Still it is possible that the Indian peasant, who is quite as wide awake to the value of money as any other, might find means to increase his production of wheat if, as our author observes, it became his interest to do so. But, as we have already remarked, it is not the cultivator who is deeply interested in the growth of this trade. The system of *petite culture* prevails in India, the average size of farms being about eight acres. Families are large, and it is a religious duty in India to support one's poor relations. The farmer of seven or eight acres, who has five of a family and one or two poor relatives to provide for, has not a large exportable surplus. He is generally behind with his rent and deeply in the books of the money-lender of the village. When the rent becomes due, he applies to the money-lender, who advances it on the security of his crop. If he can feed his family and satisfy the usurer he is happy, and it is not he but the money-lender (who is also the local grain-dealer) who derives advantage from the increased demand for wheat. In fact the farmer is lucky if a rise in prices at the central marts do not prove a loss to him. For at stated periods round comes the Government revenue officer to re-assess the rents. The reputation of this officer depends too much on his ability to increase revenue, and if he finds that from any cause the price of farm produce in his district has increased, he feels himself justified in raising rents all round. Thus it too often happens in India that an apparent gain to the cultivator entails on him a real loss. A few figures will show that, even if we do not consider his peculiar relations with the money-lender, the Indian farmer does not share largely

in the profits of the wheat trade. It has been calculated that it costs him fourteen shillings to produce a quarter of wheat. The average cost of carting it to the railway station is three shillings, and the price at the railway station nineteen or twenty shillings. The farmer we have described has not a large number of quarters to dispose of, and supposing him to gain half-a-crown on each, his profits will not be vast. But if his half-crown, or most of it, goes to the money-lender, he gains nothing, and if the injudicious revenue officer raises his rent, his gain is a loss.

The conclusion at which we arrive is, that there is little probability of India being able greatly to increase its production of wheat. If we could improve the condition of the cultivator, get him out of debt, lower his rent, provide him with better cattle, get him to buy fuel and use his cow dung for manure—if, in short, we could begin by creating a social and economic revolution, then the production of wheat might indeed be doubled or trebled. But though we do not think this is likely to happen, it is possible, and even probable, that the exportation of wheat may be increased; and it may also become possible to sell it in England at prices with which this country will find it hard to compete. We have seen that the cultivator parts with his grain for very little profit. The difference between the cost of production and the ultimate selling price is chiefly made up of the cost of cartage, and railway and ocean transit. The conditions vary so much in the different parts of India that it is not very satisfactory to deal with averages. But as we have not space to consider separate districts, we must take the most reliable general averages we can obtain. And we find it calculated that the cost of production of a quarter of wheat is fourteen shillings; cartage to the railway station, three shillings; railway charges, seven to eight shillings, and ocean freight about twelve shillings. The cost of production cannot be reduced, nor is it probable that ocean freight will be lowered. But a great effort is now being made to improve the facilities for transportation by land as well as to cheapen the railway rates. A Parliamentary Committee was occupied during nearly the whole of the last English session in considering the advisability of largely extending the Indian railway system. We have not yet seen the report of this Committee; but it has recommended that the Indian Government should borrow twenty-eight millions sterling in the course of the next five years for railway construction. With this sum about 3,000 miles of new railway may, we believe, be constructed, and as the main object is the development of the export trade, the wheat growing districts ought soon to be pierced in every direction with feeder lines. The cost of cartage will thus be reduced where it is now heaviest, and in some parts where it is now almost impracticable to carry the wheat to market, large purchases may in future be made. Then, most of the lines will be under State control, and as the development of trade is even a more important object than direct traffic returns, it is probable that more moderate rates of railway freight than have hitherto prevailed will be adopted in future. Thus it is not unlikely that, without any increase of production, India may in a few years become able to send more wheat to the English market, and to sell it at a reduced price. But a great uncertainty surrounds all speculations as to the future of things in India, and if this country had the wisdom to open its doors more freely to English imports, and thus to stimulate the languishing English demand on the Canadian market, English zeal for the development of the Indian trade—which is largely the result of American and Canadian Protection—would probably cool, and this country would yet be able to hold its own in the English market.

WILLIAM RIACH.

SOME FEATURES OF CANADIAN JOURNALISM.

"PITCH into George Brown." Such was the order given one day by a Conservative newspaper proprietor to his staff, and it is but an act of posthumous justice to the members of the staff to say that their instructions were carried out to the letter, and that, whatever else may have been neglected upon the paper, the "pitching-into" process was never permitted to fall into abeyance. As the world moves now it is a comparatively long time since the opening words were spoken, but from that day to this the principle underlying the advice has been actively at work in Canadian journalism. The principle has more or less governed the entire newspaper press of the Dominion, to the great injury of the country's best interests. It has vitiated literary taste and kept down at the lowest possible point the standard of literary excellency; its flagrant partisanship has deprived criticism of all value; but its crowning offence against the Republic of Letters is, that it has called into existence a sort of literary "rough" whose congenial employment it is to knock down everybody who has the temerity to think differently from the party to which the "bludgeon man" belongs. The dead sleep well, and we have no wish whatever to disturb

their repose; therefore what we say is not intended as a personal reflection upon the late George Brown. But there is no disputing the fact that George Brown in his day was mainly responsible for the introduction of the pitching-into style of journalism which has prevailed among us since. Mr. Brown made his journal a power and stamped upon it his own strongly marked individualism; so much so, in fact, that it became, not the mirror of public opinion, but the mirror of what one man thought public opinion ought to be. To a large section of the public the late Mr. Brown was a literary dictator, and those who refused to accept him as such were treated with a ferocity that was unique in its intense bitterness. Looking back upon his journalistic career one fails to discover any traits of generosity or ordinary fairness to opponents, or even friends when they happened to run counter to his wishes. Possibly there are those who will seek to excuse this particular form of journalism on the ground that it was the rougher child of a rough parent, and that the period was not favourable to the production of high-class journalism. We need not discuss that at present; but what strikes us as singular is, that anybody in these days should seek to perpetuate the system, and that "pitching-into" opponents should be looked upon by some and frequently encouraged by others as the very perfection of progressive journalism. The lesson of the late George Brown's life is eminently suggestive as to the practical benefits to be derived by a political party from this mode of warfare. That he inflicted a great deal of unnecessary and wholly undeserved pain upon individuals and families will hardly be disputed; but, practically, did he secure anything like adequate results to his party? We certainly think not. "The Pacific Scandal" found them without a policy, and his ever-to-be-lamented death left them without a head. If hounding down political opponents had been the true method by which to create or solidify a party, then the Canadian Liberals were great indeed. If the history of Canadian parties teaches any one lesson more emphatically than another, it is the utter fatuity of substituting personal abuse for the absence of those great social and political questions about the solution of which thinking men will, or perhaps we should say must, differ. A quarter of a century's abuse has driven all the prominent opponents of the late George Brown into the front ranks and left nearly every one in whose interest the abuse was employed either out of the running or far behind in the race. We have therefore to rise no higher than the low level of political tactics to feel satisfied that it is a mistake as well as a prostitution of journalism to use it for purposes of personal detraction and abuse. There are clear indications that the people are getting thoroughly sick of the whole thing, and that they will soon begin to do on a large scale what a few educated people are doing on a small one, namely, turning with a sense of relief to the few leaders of opinion who are beginning to discuss our social and political problems in a spirit of calm impartiality. There never was a time, perhaps, in the history of Canadian journalism when it could boast of such a large array of first-class men as it can at the present time, and these gentlemen owe it to themselves as the literary pioneers of this northern continent to raise the profession out of the political ruts into which, from whatever cause, it has fallen.

Newspapers that have bound themselves hand and foot to one political party or the other claim that they have no political standard higher than their party, and that whatever party morality requires, that is necessarily right, and the opposite is as necessarily wrong. It is justly charged against the modern exponents of the "pitching-into" theory that in reality they have no honest convictions: that their zeal for honest government and their high moral indignation against electoral bribery are both simulated, and that crimes are only crimes when committed by political opponents; and it is alleged that the very outcry they make about these things is of itself a proof that the zeal for purity is not real. Then again, taking the Press as our guide, it is painful to contemplate the venality and general wickedness of our public men. The Dominion Cabinet is a body of "suspects," any one of whom would descend to the lowest depths of dishonesty for political purposes; and how Sir John and his following have managed to escape the penitentiary so long is a problem beyond the comprehension of your honest Grit editor. Sir John and his merry men are every one of them potential candidates for the Rogues' Gallery, and if they escape it will not be for any lack of honest indignation against their evil deeds. Fortunately the balance of evil is preserved among our representatives, and although the Provincial Cabinet of Ontario has not numerically as many scoundrels in its ranks as the Dominion Cabinet, yet the Ontario ministers make up for deficiency in numbers by enlarging the scope of their wickedness. Mr. Mowat, for example, is in point of moral depravity equal to any three or four Ottawa ministers. We read their characters every day in several costly columns of editorial, and giving an independent judgment we look upon Mr. Mowat as a man of the most

unparalleled villiany : his virtues are but vices in disguise, and morning, noon, and night he appears to be hatching schemes of wrong-doing in which he is generally successful. Without the slightest wish or intention to exaggerate, we venture to say that this is not an unfavourable representation of Mr. Mowat's character as given by his political enemies in the press. We have used the word enemies advisedly, for as such political differences cannot now be distinguished from enormities. Now the question we would like to propose is this : Among the intelligent readers of these party journals is there five per cent.—is there one—ready to believe that Mr. Mowat is such a person as he is described? Does the writer himself believe it? We sincerely hope not; and we have the best possible reason for saying that Mr. Mowat is looked upon by the public at large as a high-minded Christian gentleman of whom Ontario has just reason to be proud. We have never met a man, not blinded by political partisanship, who ever thought the Ontario Premier capable of doing a wilful wrong, and this, notwithstanding the increasing flow of abuse poured upon him. The moral of the whole matter is this : unless party journals desire to sink as low and have as little respect paid to them as the journals devoted to the perpetuation of religious bigotry, they will need to make a very rapid change of front, and bring themselves into line with the advancing thought of our day. Men look upon the partisan editor pretty much as they look upon a circus clown; he puts on "the caps and bells" because he is paid for doing so, and the jokes of the one and the "stinging" editorials of the other stand upon pretty much the same footing: they are both made to order, and except by children and weak-minded people they are not treated seriously.

It is surely not desirable to see a great profession dragged through the gutter by political parties for the base and unworthy purpose of vilifying each other in the eyes of the world; and yet this is the position of Canadian journals to-day. How long will it continue? We think we see the beginning of the end. It is inconceivable that a people with any claims to education and progress should tamely submit themselves to the indecencies of party journalism for any great length of time. Our surprise is that it clings so tenaciously to life, and that our own sense of propriety and decency does not answer more rapidly to the helm of literary purity; if it did, we would hardly tolerate the vulgarisms which appear in such editorial headings as "more lies nailed," and "another lie knocked on the head," and an almost endless variety of equally choice expressions, indicating that the business of one editor is to tell lies, and of the other to knock them on the head.

OBSERVER.

THE TRUTH.

SWEET snow-white dove of light
Aye hovering o'er life's battle-field,
Nor ever stained by murky flight
Where differing din hath faith beguiled;
'Tis liberty that dares to scan
Thy scope beyond the clouds,
Which prejudice and passion fan
To weave in shrouds.

A glimpse of thine approach
Bids hope and love in consort soar,
And duty climbs thy course to watch
To find life hath still in store—
To gild the fane of higher aim
When honour's keenly edged,
When zeal is couraged by the fame
Of justice pledged.

And science, circling round
The giddy pinnacles of thought,
Oft seeks thy resting-place on ground
Where finitude's with danger fraught;
Till poisoning ken begets a pride
Intolerant of faith,
And pique and pride thy beauty hide
With warring breath.

'Tis heaven's ather-wave
Beholds the acme of thy flight:
This life is but thy shadow's grave
Whose golden fringe illumines our night.
In wonderment we thread life's maze,
And feel our faith the force
That steals the ripple of thy rays
To light our course.

J. M. H.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING has decided to name his new "sheaf of poems" "Ferishtah's Fancies."

ON READING A MARKED VOLUME.

It seems a little thing, this slender line
Around the gold-dust of an author's thought;
But yet it marks the shaft which runs the mine,
The hidden mine whence perfect ore is brought.

Nay more, far more! What vantage were the gold
If one should delve through all the dark alone?
But when through deepest mine a lamp we hold
Given by a guide to whom the path was known,

Which marks not only what we blindly sought,
But that which gave to him divinest light,
The dark grows silver-tongued, with comfort fraught,
And heart meets heart, though barred from outward sight.

Johnstown, N. Y.

J. OLIVER SMITH.

SAILING ON THE NILE.

TO-DAY the wind has turned against us, and although the crew are tacking vigorously, the dahabich advances but slowly. We, meanwhile, amuse ourselves wandering about on the shore among the cotton and dhourra plantations, and try our luck aiming at the immense flocks of pigeons whizzing over our heads—not a shot that does not bring down some half-dozen of them. In the village we create a great commotion. Catching sight of us, the men start up, the women hide their faces in their veils, the dogs bark, and the children scamper away at full speed, shouting, "Bucksheesh, Howadji." Villages I call them, but only because I do not know what other term to employ. It is, in fact, far too pretentious a word to be used in connection with the forlorn, poverty-stricken groups of hovels in which the fellahs live. Built of Nile mud mixed with straw, not more than from about five or six feet in breadth to four in height, with no roof except a ragged straw matting, and for the most part quite unfurnished, unless an earthen jug, an empty basket, and an old matting can be entitled furniture, these huts are among the lowest and poorest of all human habitations.

There is usually a little yard in front of them into which the door, or rather the hole that takes the place of a door, opens, and which is enclosed by a wall breast high. Here are kept the sheep, goats, pigs, fowl, and other domestic animals, herded all together, and having moreover free access to the hut. In the one room within, the whole family—father and mother, sons and daughters, little children, and venerable old grandparents—spend their time lolling about on a thick mattress of dust. Here they all live, tossing about, grunting, rolling, wallowing, laughing and talking, eating and drinking, and, by the mercy of God, living and growing.

Meanwhile everything is covered with myriads of flies, innumerable swarms of which go buzzing and whirling about all kinds of filth and refuse heated by a sun fifty or sixty degrees Reaumur. Imagine all this, and you will perhaps be able—except for the odours, to which I will not refer—to form some idea of the strange domiciles of the modern Egyptians. Large in stature, and remarkable for his statuesque beauty, the appearance of the fellah is very striking. He has the true oval head peculiar to the Arab type, brilliant eyes, slanting up towards the outer angles; a well-shaped mouth with the lips slightly projecting, and superb teeth; a well-formed aquiline nose, with the nostrils large and open like those of the negro; a small chin and rather thin beard. His complexion varies with the region of his abode, being darker towards the south—in the Delta he is of a light bronze and in Upper Egypt quite black. His cotton shirt is the only garment he indulges in; but, falling in graceful folds about his fine figure, he wears it with no less dignity than if it were a Roman toga. His shaved head is covered either with the turban or the fez.

Degraded by slavery and his constant practice of taking alms, the fellah can scarcely be regarded as a responsible moral being. Indolent and a fatalist, he never works except when forced to do so by absolute necessity. There is but one thing that he cares for—repose; he has but one occupation—beggary. Every fellah is a beggar, "Bucksheesh" is the first word they teach their children. These little savages run about completely naked until the age of puberty, their only ornament a long lock of hair, waving fantastically on the top of their shaved heads. In their early years they are lively and intelligent, but too soon they learn their father's trade—to submit to blows and solicit alms. The blue chemise of the fellahines, falling from the shoulders to a little above the ankle and open at the breast, is decidedly picturesque. The veil which they wear is also blue, it is thrown over the head and falls about them in ample folds. Sometimes, when they want to hide their faces, they catch hold of the fluttering blue banner with their teeth, and so partially effect their object. The fellahines are sometimes tattooed upon forehead and chin, and they dye their nails with henna.

In the country you often meet them unveiled. They are generally ugly; and, thanks to their too early marriages and excessive hard work, are almost always faded and even deformed. Still I have sometimes seen a great beauty among them, preserving so astonishingly the Egyptian type, that you feel as if you were looking at one of the old sculptures of Athos or of Isis awakened to life.

In the houris of Mahomet's paradise, I saw before me on one occasion a striking specimen of the pure type of Egyptian beauty. Nothing was wanting, the large almond-shaped eyes made to appear still larger by the line of antimony prolonging the outer angle, the slightly sunken cheeks, the somewhat flat nose, the complexion of a golden opal, were all perfectly

reproduced. She was the living embodiment of the figures of Isis or Cleopatra, which we see painted upon the walls of temples, with rows of their Egyptian subjects presenting them with lotus flowers. Regularly beautiful as a marble statue, all that was wanting in her face was soul. It was as lifeless as a painted image, for it expressed nothing but mere voluptuousness; you could read no other sentiment in her eyes or upon her features, nothing but voluptuousness; and the look of vapid stupidity which is produced by the use of hashish; the apathy, the impassibility, that utter absence of thought and of passion which Delacroix has so well expressed in his *chef d'œuvre*, the "Femmes d'Algers."

The consular agent, who had seated himself upon a divan, with a stout bon-vivant, dressed in a complete suit of yellow, by his side, entertained us with great amiability on being introduced to his friend the enormous canary, to which he seemed very much devoted. We learned that he was a cousin of the agent, and an officer in the service of the viceroy. He had visited Paris in the suite of Saïd Pacha, but had acquired nothing of the language of Corneille, except some five or six tremendous oaths, enough to have scared off all the soldiers of France and Navarre. He repeated them for us amiably, with his hand upon his heart. These oaths were all that he had brought from our beautiful country, these and the cross of the legion of honour. Great heavens, is this an example of the exquisite culture and refinements to obtain which strangers throng to Paris? It is strange; but when *La Belle Helene* proves an irresistible attraction to sovereigns, why wonder that Agas should frequent the *demi-monde* to learn good manners!

Staring and being stared at in turn, lounging through bazaars, studying types, faces, costumes, losing my way and finding it again, and above all, seeking everywhere for a little shade, I strolled carelessly through the busy town. While thus innocently beguiling the time, a curious object met my view as I turned the corner of a street. In one word, it was a woman, magnificently dressed in crimson satin, sitting cross-legged on a piece of ragged matting at the door of a mud hovel; gold sequins shone in her hair, and large showy necklaces dangled over her breast. I looked into the hut; the walls were bare, and the bare ground was only partially covered with villainous old matting. The woman lifted her large dark eyes with a smile, and I recognized the dancing girl of the previous evening.

Nor was she the only houris visible: I now remarked several of these women in the immediate neighbourhood, each more showily dressed than the other, sleeping, eating, or smoking, in full view at the doors of their houses. Evidently I had stumbled upon the quarter of the Ghazeeyah. I hurried by with a feeling of infinite disgust, and took the road leading back to the dahabieh.

On reaching the wharf, I saw that something unusual had happened. Everything was in confusion. Troops of soldiers in Turkish slippers were talking with excited vehemence; some were hastily embarking, while others were erecting pieces of artillery with which the ground was strewn. People were running hither and thither, donkeys loaded with provisions were coming and departing. Meanwhile, in a hastily-erected tent, some officers were issuing orders. A revolution had broken out at Girgeh.—*Laurent Laparte.*

PREACHING, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A WELL-KNOWN Oxford tutor of a former generation, when asked why he preferred long walks on Sunday to attendance at St. Mary's, replied that he preferred sermons from stones to sermons from sticks.

* * * * *

We may readily conceive with what keen and breathless interest the public reading of a manuscript Gospel or Epistle would be listened to by an infant Christian community of the apostolic age. And for centuries afterwards the reading of Scripture continued to form an integral portion of the worship of the Church, as before of the Jewish synagogue, and it was usually followed, as in the synagogue, by what Justin Martyr calls "a word of exhortation," which gradually developed, especially among the Greeks, into a regular sermon by the bishop or some priest appointed by him. The selection of Scripture lessons, as we should call them, was at first left to the discretion of each bishop; but in course of time a systematic arrangement was adopted with reference to the various seasons and solemnities of the Christian year. St. Chrysostom, himself the most eloquent preacher of his age, frequently complains of the prevalent habit of attaching an exaggerated importance to the sermon, to the disparagement of public prayer, and the evil consequences shown on the one hand in the growth of a too theatrical and declamatory style of preaching, and on the other in the custom of noisily applauding impressive passages of popular preachers. "This," he told his hearers on one occasion, "is no theatre, nor are you sitting here as spectators of a tragedy." It is, indeed, curious to observe how close is the similarity in points of detail between ancient and modern preaching, though the stricter decorum of our own day has banished, at least in the Church of England, all outward demonstrations of approval from the sacred walls. Then, as now, the sermon was sometimes delivered from the altar steps, sometimes from the pulpit; then, as now, shorthand writers eagerly employed themselves in taking down notes of the discourses of famous preachers, so that St. Gregory of Nazianus especially addresses them in his farewell sermon at Constantinople, and at a later date Gaudentius of Brescia complained of their transcribing him inaccurately. Then too, as now, sermons were sometimes, though rarely, read off entirely from notes or manuscript, as is so common in England, or committed to memory like those of Bourdaloue, Massillon, and the great French preachers generally; sometimes delivered partly extempore, according to a plan previously prepared, and sometimes altogether extempore. Thus St. Augustine tells us that his choice of subjects was occasionally suggested by the passage of

Scripture which the *lector* had been reading; and St. Chrysostom speaks of something he witnessed on the way to church, or which occurred during divine service, suggesting the theme of his discourse, as when the lighting of lamps during his sermon had drawn off the attention of his audience. Very likely we might be able to trace an analogy in another respect also, if our means of information about those remote ages were as full as those supplied by the more various and voluminous literature of the present day. But, as a matter of fact, only the discourses of really distinguished writers have come down to us, and there are no journals or biographies, or serials and newspapers of the patristic era to enlighten us on the popular taste in the matter. But we know that even apostles anticipated the snare of "itching ears," and it is more than probable that popular preachers often won as cheap a reputation among the early Christians as among their descendants.

By degrees, however, preaching died out altogether in the East, and in the Middle Ages it had from various causes sunk to a low ebb in the Latin Church. It was still supposed to be the special function of the episcopate, but the statesman or warrior prelates of Mediæval Europe lacked alike time, inclination, and aptitude for discharging it, and thus again the Anglican prelates at a later date were stigmatized by their Puritan assailants as "dumb dogs that cannot bark;" and hence it naturally became, as Millman observes, "the strength of all the heresiarchs of all the sects," till St. Dominic, in the thirteenth century, founded the order of Friar Preachers in order to meet them with their own weapons. The Reformation, it need hardly be said, gave a fresh impetus to preaching, both among the assailants and the defenders of the old faith, though the pulpit was then already beginning to share its influence on public opinion with the press. And we must remember, after making all allowance for change of circumstances, that oratory can never fail to hold an important place in the prophetic ministry of the Church. It is of course quite true, as has often been pointed out, that "preaching the Gospel" does not mean in the New Testament only, or even chiefly, what we call sermons; still less of the kind so lovingly commended by the Methodist old woman in "Lose and Gain:" "Dear Mr. Spoutaway, he goes to my heart; he goes through me;" and that the ritual and ordinances of the Church are and were intended to be in a very real sense a proclamation or setting forth of Christ. But it is also true that from the first preaching, as we now understand the term, was a distinctive and unique peculiarity of Christian worship. It formed no part of the official duties of the Pagan, or even of the Mosaic priesthood, though it had latterly been introduced into the service of the synagogue.

Mr. Lecky speaks of "a system of popular preaching" being created and diffused by the Stoics of the Later Empire; and he instances the Cynics, who may be compared to the Mendicant Orders of the Church, and the Rhetoricians, who were a kind of itinerant lecturers. But he admits that the analogy in the latter case is a faint one, neither the talents nor the character of these Rhetoricians, any more than of the Sophists of a previous age, being usually such as to command respect. And as regards both classes, it may be doubted whether their "system of popular preaching," so far as it existed at all, was not consciously or unconsciously borrowed from the contemporary usage of the Christian Church, as was certainly the case with the Emperor Julian's not very successful attempt to import it into his unreal and semi-Christianized revival of the Pagan cult.

There can be no question then that the object of raising the standard of preaching is one of high practical importance. As to public reading, there can perhaps little more be done than to take all available precautions against slovenliness or irreverence. The well-known example to which Mr. Walter and others have referred from their own recollection of the marvellous effect produced by Mr. Newman's reading of the lessons at St. Mary's, Oxford, at once sympathetic and suggestive, yet perfectly simple, is one which ordinary men must be content to admire rather than to imitate. If careless reading is to be condemned, there is also an opposite and by no means purely hypothetical danger of affectation arising from overmuch care. The case is not singular of an evangelical divine of the last generation who had taken lessons in reading the service from Mrs. Siddons, and the result, though he was himself not otherwise than devout, was decidedly more striking than devotional. But with preaching it is different. Orators, indeed, like poets, are born and not made; but still a good deal may be done by judicious training, and even born orators cannot with impunity neglect it. No doubt, as has been often said, "the secret of good preaching must be learnt on the knees;" but that is no excuse for ignoring the more human elements of success. A great barrister is reported to have expressed his surprise that the clergy did not make better use of their quite unique opportunities. "A whole week," he exclaimed, "to get up the case, and no reply." But the requirements alike of conscience and of public opinion would leave a parish priest of the present day a very limited fraction of the "whole week" for composing his Sunday sermon, or possibly his two sermons, and the absence of "reply" is by no means an unmixed benefit to the preacher, or at least to his discourse. That he is never under the fire of contradiction may tempt him to be shallow or supercilious, and is a good reason why some such purifying process of criticism should be supplied in the education of preachers. And it does seem strange that what is practised almost everywhere else should be omitted in the ordinary course of training for the Anglican ministry. The composition and delivery of sermons form part of the regular training of candidates for orders among the Presbyterians and Protestant Non-conformists, as also in Catholic seminaries; and without some such preparatory discipline we cannot fairly expect those who are not endowed with exceptional gifts, or even wish them, to preach without book. Reading sermons is a peculiarity, and a comparatively modern peculiarity, of the Church of England; it is almost unknown, and would scarcely be tolerated

in other communions, Catholic or Protestant, as neither would it be tolerated in Parliament, or at a public meeting, or in a law court. It does not, of course, at all follow that sermons, any more than speeches, should not be carefully prepared. The great French preachers used to write and learn their sermons by heart, like the Greek orators of old, and one at least of the most eloquent extempore preachers in the Church of England at the present day is said to do the same. Others might find the preparation of notes sufficient, perhaps committing to memory certain critical passages, as is the habit of some of our greatest parliamentary orators; not but that there is a danger in trusting too much to *purpurci panni*. Every one has heard the story of an ambitious young preacher, who had been discoursing before Rowland Hill, and who afterwards pressed the great man to tell him which passage in his sermon had struck him most. "Sir," was the prompt reply, "what pleased me most was your passage from the pulpit to the vestry." Mr. Walter, by the way, brought a charge against "our pulpits themselves," which he had heard an American preacher describe as "an invention of the devil." And it is true enough that "to be cabined, cribbed, confined in a wooden or stone box a few feet above the ground, with a brass bookstand in front, and a pair of candlesticks on each side, is not the most favourable position for giving full expression to the impulses of the soul." In the early Church, as we have seen, the sermon was sometimes preached from the *ambo*, which, however, was probably more spacious than a modern pulpit, and sometimes from the chancel steps, and there is no reason why the latter practice should not be followed now, as indeed it often is, where the size and arrangements of the building admit of it. Or the Italian plan might be adopted, making the pulpit a sort of open gallery running round a pillar, which would equally meet the requirement that the whole person of the preacher should be visible, and would also leave room for freedom of action and movement. But these are matters of detail which may safely be left to find their natural adjustment.

A more important suggestion has been urged both by Mr. Mahaffy and Mr. Walter. They are agreed in desiring that the Church of England should follow Catholic precedent in establishing an "Order of preachers" to supplement the work of the parochial clergy, many of whom, however admirably fitted for their ordinary duties, are quite unequal to the task of preparing a fresh sermon of any value every week, not to say two or three, which is often demanded of them. Mr. Mahaffy is careful to add, and such a recommendation comes of course with peculiar significance from an Irish Protestant clergyman, "an Order of *celibate* preachers in the Reformed Churches." He gives his reasons for emphasizing this condition, which are very sensible ones. But if that suggestion be thought impracticable—and one can imagine the wry faces the new Irish "Synod" would make over it—he pleads at least for "an Order of itinerant preachers," who, though having wives, to their occasional and scattered audiences, removed from all knowledge of their personal foibles and domestic disagreements, may be as though they had none. And here, no doubt, he has abundant Non-conformist precedent, Wesley and others, on his side. A distinguished Canon and Professor, whose leanings are decidedly Protestant, was once heard to say that the first time he mounted the pulpit after his marriage he could not help feeling that half his authority had gone from him. Apart from criticism of graver deficiencies, the faults of style most commonly charged on modern preachers may be summed up under the two heads of priggishness and over familiarity. The former temper was exemplified by the lady who was taken by a friend to hear a famous Jesuit preacher, and came away much shocked, complaining that "she could hardly help laughing in church." Her friend's reply shocked her still more: "Well, my dear, why didn't you; that is just what he meant you to do." The same confusion of thought between reverence and priggishness was differently illustrated by the preacher at the time of the Irish famine, who spoke of the potato—a word offensive to pious ears—as "that esculent succulent, the loss of which has deprived so many hungry sinners of their daily sustenance." And by another, who called it "that root on which so many thousands depended for support, and which in the inscrutable wisdom of Divine Providence has for a time ceased to flourish." But an opposite fault, apart from doctrinal questions, may fairly be charged on the Calvinistic minister mentioned in *Macmillan*, who never preached without referring to "the back settlements of eternity," wherein the predestination of the elect had been irrevocably fixed from the foundation of the world. It must be remembered, however, that the critical faculty, when employed upon sermons, is peculiarly liable to be distorted or obscured by personal or party bias, as when the Evangelical spinster, who had listened in rapt attention to what she fondly imagined to be a most edifying discourse, exclaimed in anguish, as the preacher turned to the altar at its close, "Alas! I thought he had the gift of the gab." Originality of thought and genuine power of speech are of course essential ingredients of all true eloquence. But we cannot expect every preacher to be eloquent; and after all, the main distinction between a good preacher and a bad one is the difference between the man who has to say something and the man who has something to say.—*Rev. H. M. Owenham, M.A.*

THE very great popularity attained by Sir James Caird's "India, The Land and the People," has induced Messrs. Cassell and Company to publish a new and enlarged edition, which will be ready in a few days. Sir James Caird was the English member of the Indian Famine Commission in which capacity he visited all the provinces of India and had rare opportunities for studying the condition of the people as affected by the actions of government, and his book is filled with information that the ordinary traveller would have found it impossible to secure.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE SMOKERS' DOWNFALL

It has possibly not yet been forgotten that in the spring of last year a gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind published a small volume of statistics under the alluring and alliterative title of "Study and Stimulants." With perseverance worthy of a more substantial issue, this gentleman had gathered his materials from all parts of Europe. His volume, moreover, differed from others of its sort in this capital respect: not content to rely on "official returns" and other such compilations at second hand, he had gone himself to the very fountain-head. He had addressed a circular to all the distinguished brain-workers of Europe, in which the crucial question was pushed home, Do you drink? do you smoke? Not all answered him; but many did, and among the number (strange to say!) was Mr. Gladstone. That most distinguished brain-worker does not smoke; indeed, he "detests" it. Mr. Arnold, too, abjures tobacco; so does Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and so did Charles Reade. Professor Huxley never smoked till he was forty. Mr. James Payn smokes, as the Americans would say, all the time. M. Jules Simon never does, on the score of gallantry; M. Taine does, on the score of ideas, which are, he thinks, promoted by an occasional cigarette. These names do not exhaust the list of authorities. Lord Tennyson and Prince Bismarck are, as every one knows, ardent smokers; M. Daudet, as did Charles Kingsley, patronizes clay pipes; Mr. Browning, and Mr. Froude, and Mr. Millais, we believe, do not disdain that

Plant divine of rarest virtue,

as Charles Lamb called the blessed weed he had nevertheless determined to abjure. But, on the whole, if our memory serves us, the evidence told rather against tobacco. All the great men confessed to drinking—in moderation, of course—but for the other stimulant (if stimulant it be) the most part seemed to be much of the mind of Paulo Purganti's wife—

As for tobacco, who could bear it,
Filthy concomitant of claret.

The little book was amusing; its evidence often most characteristic of the witnesses. But it was inconclusive. To a final decision of the "salutary" or "deterrent" qualities (to borrow the favourite words of one of those witnesses) of tobacco and alcohol it did not help us. Much stronger is the evidence afforded by a recent cricket match at Lords', the last of the season, between "Smokers" and "Non-Smokers," wherein the former, against all expectation, were very badly beaten by nine wickets.—*Saturday Review.*

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

AMONG the most suggestive facts of our political life is the growing tendency to canonize our great party leaders. This general truth is brought home to the popular mind with considerable force by that apotheosis of Lord Beaconsfield which is being accomplished before our eyes with such astounding rapidity. The rôle of the Imperial patriot, which the great Tory leader only assumed in the concluding years of his life, and which was but one of the many parts he played with uniform dexterity and enjoyment, but one brief incident of a kaleidoscopic career, this is the side of him which is alone to be remembered by the Tories of all time. And more than that, he is to live as the presiding deity—the type, the model, the ideal—of all Imperial patriots. The language which Sir Richard Cross used of him in unveiling his statue at Ormskirk on Tuesday is probably regarded by most Conservatives—it will in time be regarded by almost all of them—not as conventional eulogy, but as simple historical fact. "He was bold, fearless, resolute," said Sir Richard, "careless of all slander." There spoke the historian. But when his late colleague goes on to speak of the most frankly and unhesitatingly self-seeking of all English politicians, of the man who shrank from nothing and accepted anything to gain his great personal ends, as "careful for nothing but the honour of his country, for the welfare of the people, and for the honour and welfare of the sovereign," when he describes him as being of all men he had ever known "the most single-minded, the most straightforward," we feel that progress has already been made in altering the actual likeness of the late statesman to fit the niche which has been arranged for him in the Tory Pantheon.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

DEFERENCE TO BISMARCK.

IN 1878, when at Berlin during the Congress, a Berliner of high station invited me to drive in an open carriage in the Thiergarten. On the way, turning round, he saw another carriage behind us. He immediately bent forward to his coachman and told him to move to the side. The coachman did so, and waited. The carriage behind passed us. My friend saluted its occupant, who returned his salute very graciously, and our carriage went forward again. "It is the Prince von—," said my friend. "But why did you stop your carriage?" He looked at me with an air of astonishment. "Why, to allow the Prince's carriage to pass," said he. After a few moments of silence he asked me what I was thinking about. "I am thinking," I replied, "that for the first time in my life I should like to stand up and shout *Vive la Republique.*"—*Correspondent of Times.*

CANADA has really an addition to first-class journalism in THE WEEK. It is able, high-toned, and independent; discusses politics and literature from a dignified standpoint, and provides reading which is alike stimulative to thoughtful people, and entertaining and instructive to the family circle.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

WE have repeatedly pointed out that no Canadian Government pays any money whatever in assisting mechanics to Canada. Last year 133,000 immigrants settled in Canada, and the sums paid out for all assisted passages aggregated \$50,000—less than 40 cents to each; and the assistance was absolutely confined to farm labourers, general labourers, and female domestics.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

THE chapter of accidents in South Africa is evidently not yet closed. We shall either have to chastise the Boers for flagrant outrages or to leave them, as before, unpunished, and thus provoke fresh crimes. To repel the aggression of the Dutchmen of the Transvaal on chiefs and territories they solemnly promised to respect means the use of English troops and the expenditure of English money.—*Daily Telegraph*

THE Tory organs have nothing to say in favour of O'Connor's elevation, and their blind and interested devotion to Sir John prevents them from condemning it. Grit papers are bursting to make political capital out of it, but they dare not, because their party is not a little dependent for power in this Province on the votes of the new judge's co-religionists. The triumph of party and of faction can go no further.—*The Liberal*.

IN this year of grace so far are men from beating their swords into ploughshares or their spears into pruning-hooks that the great cannon manufacturer of Germany, Herr Krupp, employs in his particular form of industry not less than 20,000 workmen. What will the harvest be one of these days? It looks as if Europe would have to have one more great war—perhaps a war involving all the great powers—before the atmosphere is cleared, and an era of settled peace sets in.—*Montreal Star*.

How the French Government will get out of the difficulties into which greed and unwisdom have brought them, it is not easy to see. If China can be conquered by ironclads, all may yet be well; but if the Mandarins remain firm, it is evident that M. Ferry must adopt one of three courses—either withdraw ignominiously from the contest; retire from office, and leave the dilemma as a legacy to his successors; or send an army to Peking—if he can and France will.—*Spectator*.

IF the Peers believe, however erroneously, that the country approves of their action, and if, so believing, they face the threat of extinction rather than consent to be reduced to a position not of mere insignificance, but of absolute inutility, under the Constitution, it would be impossible to blame them as men; and we are not sure that a nation which respects spirit and fidelity to principle, however and wherever displayed, would even be inclined to censure them as citizens. It might be better for the country at large—as certainly it would be for the future traditions of English public life—that the “great constitutional changes” of which Mr. Gladstone speaks should be precipitated by the courage and consistency of the House of Lords than averted by their cowardice.—*Daily Telegraph*.

CANADIAN natural resources are such that, given an open field and fair play, the Dominion need not fear competition with the great nation lying south of her border. Though some industries, it is true, might suffer by free trade on a reciprocity basis, yet the mass of the industries for whose prosecution we have the natural resources, or facilities of manufacture, would benefit materially and bestow incalculable good upon both countries. If free trade has been beneficial to the States which compose the American Union, we cannot conceive that the natural conditions of Canada are such that that system which has proven so beneficial to the States lying south of our frontier, notwithstanding their industrial isolation from the rest of the world, would prove disastrous to us in Canada.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

SOME weeks of incessant adulation and counter-adulation, in which Scotchmen have been assuring Mr. Gladstone that he is the greatest of Ministers, and Mr. Gladstone has been assuring Scotchmen that they are the finest of people, could hardly fail to produce an effect, and an evil effect, on a mind constituted like the Prime Minister's, even if that mind were not exasperated by the half-consciousness of complete argumentative failure. Sir Robert Peel would never have excited or returned such demonstrations; Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Beaconsfield would have estimated them at their true value, and secretly or openly laughed at the folly of the people. But Mr. Gladstone's undoubted influence over the popular mind is partly derived from the influence which that mind has over him.—*Saturday Review*.

MR. GLADSTONE appears to have felt that the spontaneous resentment displayed by the public at the action of the Upper House ought to constitute for reasonable men an argument stronger than any manifestations that might plausibly be referred to provocative oratory. He has waited patiently while the evidence of popular feeling accumulated, and now, at the end of his tour, he sums it up, and points the inevitable moral. About the issue of the present unfortunate struggle there can be no doubt whatever, except as to the precise point to which the victors may choose to press their advantage. Mr. Gladstone will not be accused, by any one competent to measure public opinion, of overstating the case when he says that “there is a great disposition to raise the question whether the power at present enjoyed by the House of Lords is not a power too great to be held by persons irresponsible for its exercise.” He declares himself personally desirous to keep that question in the background, and anxious only to secure such concessions as will enable him to get the Franchise Bill settled. But he at the same time intimates that the franchise cannot always be argued upon the narrow ground to which he has confined himself, and that the country cannot be expected to acquiesce in a theory of the independence of the House of Lords which can be pleaded as a reason for permanently or repeatedly resisting propositions so moderate and so reasonable as those involved in the Franchise Bill.—*London Times*.

PERHAPS we do not know how much manners depend upon appropriate dress. To be sure of this, we have only to watch the stumbling nervousness, side glances, and embarrassed abstractedness in the latter instance, or the constraint observable in any of the others. If we want our daughters to grow up simple, gracious, and unconscious in manner, we must dress them so fitly that they do not feel their dress, that it seems as much part of them as their hands or feet. The ever-increasing study of art, physiology, and hygiene have greatly improved dress in the last ten years. This is one of the many good results of women's education. Doubtless it might have far wider effects were we to dress characteristically, since we may take character as the combination of mind and morals, and whatever influences the mind must therefore indirectly influence dress.—*The Queen*.

THE free traders of France are saying some plain things at the present moment concerning the protective policy of the Government. There is a strong disposition in official circles to impose higher tariffs on cattle and corn, while the old worn-out sophisms of protectionists in all countries are brought forward by way of defence. On the other hand, eminent economists and free traders like M. Beaulieu point to Great Britain and show that in consequence of the adoption of a free-trade policy the cost of existence is cheaper, while agricultural crises are comparatively unknown. The British Government, it is contended, does not impose exorbitant duties on American bacon, German sugar, or Hungarian cattle; and hence the poorer classes in England are able to live much better than the same classes in France, or even people further up the social scale.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

ACTING is often spoken of as if it were as great an art as that of the poet or the painter; and probably some of Mr. Irving's admirers would say that his achievement in representing Hamlet is not less striking than was Shakespeare's achievement in creating the character. This is, of course, nonsense; and we may say with confidence that Mr. Irving would be eager to condemn such pretensions. It is true that a good actor must have some rare qualities both of mind and body, and these qualities need to be carefully trained; but the function of one who has merely to interpret the thoughts of others is on a much lower level than that of the artist who has to give form to his own conceptions. Recognition of this fact would help to curb the restless vanity which causes so many actors to be ridiculously greedy of applause; and it would make the public less easily satisfied than they generally are at present with the performances of their favourites on the stage.—*Graphic*.

THE nationalists of Dublin have attacked the names of those streets in the Irish capital which are “distinctively English,” such as Spencer, York, Brunswick, Hanover, Waterloo, Nassau, Westmoreland, Albert, and Gloucester. The idea is not a novel one, but has been in vogue in France for nearly a century, to the great confusion of students of local history; indeed, one unhappy highway has borne seven or eight names during that time, or about one for each revolution. Our Irish cousins might advantageously copy the example set on this side of the water. New York and Albany both take their names from the titles of James II. Kings and Queens are among the counties of the Empire State, and Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana have monarchical or aristocratic souvenirs about them. New York has so strong an Irish element in its population that it has been suggested that it might be christened New Cork; but we do not remember that any of its remarkable Aldermen have ever suggested the renaming of the streets that bear British names. The whole business is childish.—*Philadelphia Record*.

FOR Mr. Cleveland the ladies have no mercy. “In voting for Cleveland,” they say, “men will affirm that crimes against women do not count in political life.” Mrs. Livermore writes to the *Boston Post*, “No decent, self-respecting woman could enter the White House if Grover Cleveland were President.” This text the ladies embroider with all the wretched tittle-tattle furnished by the *New York Sun*, the *New York Tribune*, and the “religious papers.” Some of their critics ask them why, if they wish to take part in politics, they do not start an agitation against the divorce laws. Others want to know why they do nothing to protect the girls in workshops and factories. But the only male critic whom they heed is Colonel Higginson, of Boston, and Colonel Higginson thus writes in their journal: “It is desirable that our President should never have sinned, never tasted whiskey, never had an unchaste thought, never sworn an oath; but, after all, when it comes to being the ruler of a great nation, those virtues, however important, are secondary, not primary. To be absolutely honest in public office; to have the courage to act as one thinks right; these are the primary virtues. These are the virtues on which nations rest; it is upon these that our Republic is founded.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

IN the year 1712, when England was the merry land of good Queen Anne, still the good Old England of the consistent Tory, and the rotten, corrupt, and-altogether-frivolous England of the consistent Radical, Joseph Addison, in the *Spectator*, expressed his opinion of the extent and effect of what he called “Party lying” as follows:—“This vice is so very predominant among us at present that a man is thought of no principle who does not propagate a certain system of lies. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. There is, however, one advantage resulting from this detestable practice, the very appearances of truth are so little regarded that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt nobody. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense that gives credit to the relations of party writers; nay, his own friends shake their heads at him and consider him in no other light than as an officious fool of a well-meaning idiot.” To any one who has to read continuously the opposite party papers of Canada this is not a bad picture of our own condition. The arguments of our press are, indeed,

so confessedly partisan and our public men depend so much on assaults on their own opponents that the people have become pessimistic and have ceased to believe that anything can be other than hopelessly bad.—*Montreal Witness*.

It would be odd if the fashionable ladies of Paris were deprived of their artistic head coverings because M. Jules Ferry has authorized a course of reprisals against China. Odd as it seems, however, the question of the hair supply is one which depends very much on China, and interests very considerably French ladies, and it would not be surprising, for more reasons than this, if the unexpected happened in the form of a demonstration of French opinion for some definite policy, or at all events against the silly and vacillating course of reprisals. But we have become more political than we intended to be. China, it seems, while good relations prevailed, was a source of great profit to the wig-makers of Marseilles. The "artists in hair," for men as well as women, imported their product from the Orient. Now, sad to say for the wig-makers, the Orient is a closed market. It will be news to some of our readers that Marseilles is the principal hair market on the continent, the imports of hair averaging about eighty tons a year, of which quite half comes from China. And France has lost its own old stock. There are only two markets left, and those are in Brittany and Auvergne. The last chance for ladies who wanted to wear *chignons*, which were not natural, or the fringe, which was neither natural nor beautiful, went with M. Ferry's attempt at reprisals.—*Manchester Examiner*.

BOOK NOTICES.

SHERIDAN. By Mrs. Oliphant. English Men of Letters Series. New York: Harper and Brothers.

In estimating the character of the phenomenal and versatile genius whose biography is so racily told in this book, Mrs. Oliphant ventures upon an interesting speculation as to the real nationality of "the race of brilliant, witty, improvident and reckless Irishmen whom we have been taught to admire, excuse, love, and condemn," and leans to the opinion that, like Sheridan, they are generally hybrid and not native to the soil. Something of English energy it is, she thinks, which has brought them to the front. "The most characteristic Irishmen," we are paradoxically told, "so far as race is concerned are not Irishmen at all." Certainly, in the sketch of Sheridan's parentage and youthful training, there is abundant material to account for the chequered and meteoric career which followed. All things irregular might be expected from a man who, marrying young, could keep house in the princely style Sheridan did, for three years, without making any solid attempt at work, and whose whole fortune was three thousand pounds which he got with his wife. The description, in the second chapter, of the first production of the "Rivals" at a period when his fortunes were desperate, is a vivid one, and from this point to the pathetic close the narrative flows with unflagging interest. In the chapter on "The School for Scandal," Mrs. Oliphant, in analyzing the talented playwright's method of work, strongly inclines to Moore's opinion: that though Sheridan was constitutionally lazy and prone to procrastinate, he really was a painstaking writer, repeatedly touching and re-touching his work before committing it to the world. This is especially shown in the autocratic manner in which he laid his whole household under contribution in the preparation of his celebrated attack upon Warren Hastings. He nevertheless had the ambition to be credited with dashing off his most brilliant work upon the spur of the moment. His unprecedentedly rapid rise in public life, and the weaknesses which led to his subsequent fall are pourtrayed in glowing words, and the concluding chapters on his decadence are a pitying recital of the more or less merited miseries which like a Nemesis followed close upon the heels of neglected opportunities and prostituted talents. Mrs. Oliphant's book is eminently readable, and forms one of the most interesting volumes of this valuable series.

INDIAN MYTHS. By Ellen Russell. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

The talented and industrious authoress, by the compilation of these myths, seeks "to make more evident the capacity of the Indian race for moral and intellectual culture," and as she well succeeds in establishing what was practically uncontested, it is possible to be at once just and gallant by complimenting her on the success of her work. The difficulty which presents itself to admirers of the red man is that he will not "stay" in numbers sufficiently strong to show what might be made of him as an intellectual unit of a regenerate nation. "Progress is shown by history to be native to the red race." "Progress," also, is known to have been made by birds and beasts; the descendants of animals which betrayed no fear on the first sight of man now flee at his approach—an evidence of transmitted observation. Much more interesting is the manner in which the writer traces similarity between Indian and Eastern legends, beliefs, and customs. The chapter on star-worship contains "myths" which read like so many fairy tales with morals, those on "The Wandering Star" and "The Daughter of the Stars" being specially interesting. Perhaps no more fascinating divisions will be found to the general reader than those which treat of the origin of man, and certainly the prevailing idea running through does bear a strong resemblance to the Bible plan of creation. "The Legends of the Dead and the Burial Rites" are also corroborative of the theory with which the writer opens her book: that the whole human family is of common origin. The chapter which treats of the language, pictography, symbol, and song of the Indians, and particularly of the "Chant of the Lenni-Lenape" is specially attractive; the latter quaint refrain suggesting that a

knowledge of the deluge was prevalent amongst the untutored aborigines of the North American Continent. In fact, the whole volume is replete with song and story of peculiar interest, and is, moreover, presented in so attractive a form typographically as to considerably enhance its value.

THE HEATHEN WORLD; Its Need of the Gospel and the Church's Obligation to Supply It. By the Rev. George Patterson, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is an essay to which a prize of a hundred guineas was awarded as being the best of a large number of papers sent in in response to the offer of an anonymous donor who was "deeply impressed with the condition of the heathen world," and who made the stipulation that the winning essay should be published in cheap form. The author is a Presbyterian minister at New Glasgow, N. S., and has written several other theological works.

OGILVIE'S HANDY BOOK OF USEFUL INFORMATION. New York: J. S. Ogilvie and Company.

To give even a list of the contents of this invaluable office book would occupy more space than we can spare. Condensed information on almost every commercial subject, with not a little on literary matters, is here given in clear type and handy form. Mr. Ogilvie's *vade mecum* should have a place in every business house.

LOVE'S STRATEGY. From the German of "Adolphus Silberstein." Chicago: L. Schick.

A strange book, and one very liable to be misunderstood. The author, though very perceptibly a cynic, and one who thinks it possible to reduce the *grande passion* to mechanical forms, is yet honest in an endeavour to give (from his own point of view) good advice to "lovers" of both sexes.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. FROUDE'S "Life of Carlyle," in two volumes, will be published by Longmans, in a few days.

MR. JESSOP has designed a companion book to his clever "Jackdaw of Rheims," entitled "The Lay of St. Aloys."

A NEW legal quarterly, edited by Professor Frederick Pollock, will appear in England in January next, the price of which is to be 2s. 6d.

THE great work on "British Fossil Reptiles," upon which Sir R. Owen has been engaged for the last forty years, is now complete. Only 170 copies have been printed, and the plates destroyed.

MESSRS. ALAIS have in preparation, to be published about Christmas, "Shakespeare for Children." It will consist of about thirty coloured plates, with notes describing chiefly the costumes.

VEDDER'S illustrations to Osmar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat" are exciting great interest in the artistic world. Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the poem has been used in preference to that by Whinfield.

"HINDU and Mahomedan Laws and Customs" is the title of a cyclo-pædic work now in the press consisting of six bulky volumes from the pen of Mr. Cadwallader Waddy, barrister-at-law, of the Madras bar.

MR. RUSKIN is engaged in writing the lives of St. Gregory and St. Benedict. These will form chapters in his serial publication, "Our Fathers Have Told Us," and will be issued if possible during the present year.

SIR JAMES FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN is going to publish an exhaustive work upon the Nuncomar Trial before the end of this year. It will do something towards white-washing Warren Hastings's character in this celebrated transaction.

MR. WILLIAM ANDERSON is preparing a work on Japanese art, "The Pictorial Arts of Japan," which will be illustrated with over a hundred and fifty coloured and plain plates. An *édition de luxe* of one hundred copies will be first struck off. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are to be the publishers.

IN the November *Atlantic* will be printed the greater part of a fictitious autobiography in which, upon a background of personal history, the late Mr. Henry James began a sketch of the growth of his own mind. It is entitled "Immortal Life, Illustrated in a Brief Autobiographic Sketch of the late Stephen Dewhurst."

GENERAL BEAUREGARD, in his article on the Battle of Bull Run in the November *Century*, gives the reason why the Confederate victory at Bull Run was not followed up by an attack on Washington. He also discusses his personal relations with Mr. Davis, and criticizes, with much plainness of speech, the subsequent conduct of the war on the Confederate side.

HUGH CONWAY'S new novel, "Dark Days," will be published by Henry Holt and Co. in November, simultaneously with its appearance in England. One who has read the manuscript pronounces the new volume "more ingenious and as interesting" as "Called Back." Another book soon to be published by this firm is "My Friends and I"—a series of three separate stories introducing the same characters, and connected by a thread of plot. The book is "edited" by Mr. Julian Sturgis.

JUDGE TOURGEE'S new book, "An Appeal to Cæsar," which has just come from the press of Fords, Howard and Hulbert (New York), is said to be the most striking of all his studies of Southern society. It deals with one of the burning questions of the hour, and presents an array of facts and a series of conclusion which will be startling to a great many people. The book is likely to have a large sale.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR and Prince George of Wales propose to publish an account of their trips made in the *Bacchante* during the years 1879-1882. The chronicle is to be "compiled from their journals, letters, and note-books," some "additions" being made to the history by the Rev. John Neale Dalton. The book will be fully illustrated with woodcuts, plans, and maps, and will be issued later in the year by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

DR. HOWSON is a well-meaning clergyman, but he does not always sustain the reputation which he won as co-author with the late Rev. W. J. Conybeare of the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul." There is a story of his having preached a University sermon at Cambridge in the hearing of the late Bishop Wilberforce. At the conclusion of the sermon the Bishop remained pensive for a moment, and then muttered: "What a clever fellow Conybeare must be!"

THE edition of the November *Century* will be the largest ever printed of that Magazine. Besides the first chapters of Mr. Howell's new novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," the story of an American business man, its fiction will include: "A Tale of Negative Gravity," by Frank R. Stockton; "Free Joe and the Rest of the World," an illustrated story, by Joel Chandler Harris; and "The Lost Mine," by Thomas A. Janvier, with a full-page picture by Mary Hallock Foote.

C. W. HOWE writes "The Story of a Country Town." It is published by James R. Osgood and Co., Boston, in an attractive form. The author makes the worst of all mistakes for an author. In a preface he depreciates his own work. He states that the book was all written at night after his labour as editor of a country paper. He is not sure whether he thinks the novel good or bad. In fact he has no opinion of his own on the subject. What a doleful introduction is this! What does the man mean by throwing a wet blanket over his own effort? He writes a book, and then does all in his power to discourage any one from reading it.

"JOHN BULL'S WOMANKIND" will be the title of Max O'Rell's new book on English peculiarities. The name originally chosen having leaked out and been appropriated by an unscrupulous publisher, the above was substituted, and to secure it, Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, of Field and Tuer—Mr. O'Rell's publishers—has written and published for a farthing a pamphlet on the subject, which appears under the new title. (The French edition will be known as "Les Filles de John Bull.") Mr. Tuer suggests that the English copyright law be so amended as to permit of the registration of a title at Stationer's Hall six months before the publication of the book which is to bear it.

"LIFE and Labour in the Far West," being notes of a tour in the Western States, British Columbia, Manitoba, and the North West Territory, by Henry Barnaby, with specially prepared map showing the author's route. Cassell and Co., Limited, London, Paris, and New York. These are actual notes, we are assured by the author, of a journey made during the spring and summer of 1883. The object, which was carefully carried out, was, in addition to pleasure, to collect information as regards farming and emigration to assist those in England intending to seek new homes on this side of the Atlantic. The volume is written in familiar styles, and it is clear that the facts, as the author and his friends became acquainted with them, are honestly set down.

THE third volume of "Griggs's German Philosophical Classics for English Readers and Students," under the editorial supervision of Prof. Geo. S. Morris, Ph.D., will be issued about October 25th from the press of Messrs. S. C. Griggs and Co., Chicago. This work will be a critical exposition of "Fichte's Science of Knowledge," by Dr. C. C. Everett, of Harvard, and will contain a careful and scholarly analysis of Fichte's philosophy and methods of thought. The position of Fichte in the development of German philosophy from Kant to Hegel, his relation to Kant as the first great continuator and elaborator of the Kantian system, and his germinal relation to Schelling and Hegel, unite to render the study of his philosophy important to all students of modern thought. The preceding volumes of this series are "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason," by Prof. Geo. S. Morris, of the University of Michigan, and "Schelling's Transcendental Idealism," by Dr. Watson, of Queen's University, Kingston. Other volumes will follow shortly.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER will soon publish a very interesting volume by Captain John G. Bourke of the Third Cavalry, the title of which is "The Snake-Dance of the Moquis of Arizona"—a narrative of a journey from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to the village of the Moqui Indians, with a description of the manners and customs of this peculiar people and especially of the religious rite known as the snake-dance. To this is added a brief dissertation on serpent worship in general, with an account of the tablet-dance of the Pueblo of Santa Domingo, New Mexico. Capt. Bourke wrote this book at Whipple Barracks, Arizona Territory away from all libraries of reference, but this fact is said not to have lessened the thoroughness of his work. The illustrations, many of them coloured plates, are made from the drawings by Sergeant A. F. Harmer, who studied his art at the Philadelphia Academy, and the author vouches for their truth to nature. It would be well for our knowledge of the subject if more of our Army officers gave their leisure moments to aboriginal research. Such books as this are indispensable to the student of Indian lore.

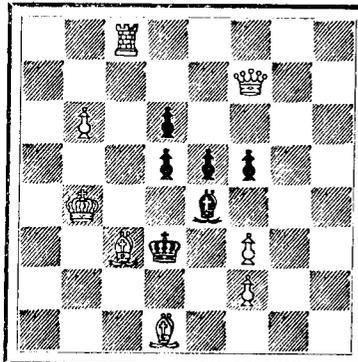
CHESS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed "Chess Editor," office of THE WEEK, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 51.

By F. W. Abbott.
From *The Field*.

BLACK.



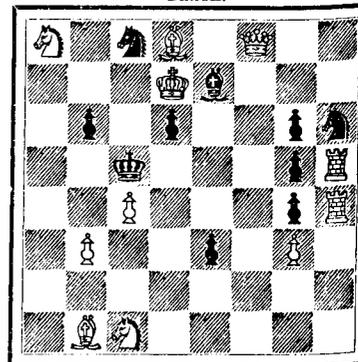
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 52.

TOURNEY PROBLEM No. 7.
Motto:—"Picus Auratus."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

END GAME No. 5.

In a game lately played in the Toronto Chess Club between Mr. McGregor (White) and Mr. Phillips (Black), the following ending occurred:—White K at Q 4, P at Q R 3, P at Q Kt 4. Black K at Q B 2, P at Q 3, P at Q Kt 4. White to play. Can Black win?

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

Will every one of our readers who solves any of the problems that appear from week to week in this column oblige us by forwarding their solutions with a short critique? This will encourage the composers and help the editor.

STEINITZ AND ZUKERTORT.

Mr. Steinitz, under date of New York, September 29, writes a long letter to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. The following are extracts:—

"As you are aware, I was eager enough to have a match with Mr. Zukertort in London after the last tournament. I then challenged him to play within six months at the latest, which was quite reasonable time, and I offered to bind myself for the contest by a deposit of £50. Mr. Zukertort absolutely declined; he started on his 'tour round the world,' and the challenges in America followed, with the same result. It will be admitted probably that it would have been much less difficult to arrange such a contest while we were both residing in England, or during Mr. Zukertort's stay in America, than for me to take 'further initiative steps' at a distance of over three thousand miles between us. In the meanwhile, however, as is well known, I have severed the only tie which connected me with chess circles in London, viz.: I have thrown up the honorary membership of the St. George's Chess Club, rightly or wrongly, for reasons into which it would be inexpedient here to enter. I have already publicly declared, in a letter to the editor of *Turf, Field and Farm*, of February 8, that I would not play in London if I could, for the chief reason that I apprehend to encounter there even greater hostility and unfairness than that which I had to suffer during the London tournament.

"Permit me to take this opportunity of making an important statement which I have refrained from publishing up to the present, as I thought it ought to have been first mentioned in your own column. You have, however, failed to take notice of the matter, probably for reasons which seem to me more considerate toward Mr. Zukertort than just to myself. But I think it is now high time to make it known that about five or six weeks before Mr. Zukertort's visit to your city, I made him a distinct and positive offer that I would come to New Orleans at my own expense to play him a match at the New Orleans Chess, Checkers and Whist Club, without any stake or prize, excepting the championship, and without charging any fee. The Hon. Charles F. Buck, President of the New Orleans Chess, Checkers and Whist Club, honoured me by acting as my second in direct communication with Mr. Zukertort, whom he offered liberal inducements for accepting this challenge. Mr. Zukertort could thus have had the sole pecuniary benefit of any remuneration which the New Orleans Chess, Checkers and Whist Club were willing to give for such a contest, and which, I am sure, would have been a very handsome one, but he absolutely declined the proposition.

"Now, my position in the affair stands thus: Since the London Tournament I have challenged Mr. Zukertort in London and in America to play for any amount, or for nothing. I have challenged him on occasions when we were both together in one city, or within easy reach of each other, and when all details could have been settled without the least difficulty. He has always declined. I think this ought to be sufficient. If more be wanted, I can only say that I shall at all times be ready, if no unforeseen obstacle occurs, to play Mr. Zukertort here in America at reasonable notice, and I believe arrangements can be made for his receiving fair expenses for such a purpose."—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

This Club organized for the season on the evening of October 2nd. There was a good attendance of members. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:—President, John L. Blaikie (re-elected); Vice-President, W. M. Stark; Secretary-Treasurer, Charles W. Phillips (re-elected); Auditor, Wm. Klingner; Committee of Management, A. B. Flint, E. B. Freeland and W. Wilson; Match Committee, Charles W. Phillips, J. H. Gordon and John McGregor.

The Annual Tournament will open shortly; numerous matches are on the tapis, and altogether a very lively season is anticipated.

CHESS ITEMS.

The Toronto Chess Club has challenged the Quebec Chess Club to a telegraphic match of six or eight boards.

The City of London (England) Chess Club has 300 members, and has just organized for the season.

Dr. Zukertort has arrived in England. There seems little chance of his ever meeting Steinitz in a match now.

The Brooklyn Social Chess Clubs had projected a series of chess reunions at the Brighton Beach Hotel last summer, but the proprietor spoiled the programme on the ground that the games would attract crowds. Crowds are not usually objected to at summer resorts; but it is a fact that a crowd of chess players is never very thirsty nor given to "splurging." The Brooklynites should have hired tents and inaugurated the first chess camp meeting.

The *Buffalo Sunday Times* will begin a two move problem tourney January 1st next.

The Blackburne Testimonial has reached £200. Mr. Blackburne will make a trip for his health either to South Africa or Australia.

Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, recently undertook to win fifty consecutive games from Mr. Girard, of that city. He lost the forty-first game and the match, which was for a copy of the London Tournament Book.

WHAT IS CATARRH ?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15.
 Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uherole, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomæa, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers,

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 and inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh.

Oakland, Ont., Canada, March 17, '83.
 Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Son:
 DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease, and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for Catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours, with many thanks,
 REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

Magazine of American History

FOR OCTOBER, 1884.
 CONTENTS.

CURIOSITIES OF INVENTION: A chapter of American Industrial History. By Charles Barnard. *Illustrations*—Portrait of Eli Whitney—Blanchard's Lathe—Portrait of Thomas Blanchard—Howe's Original Sewing Machine—Portrait of Elias Howe—Four-Web Loom of Lyall—Shuttle and Carriage—Portrait of James Lyall—McCormick's Reaper—Portrait of Cyrus H. McCormick—Portrait of Charles Goodyear—Portrait of Thomas A. Edison.

MONROE AND THE RHEA LETTER. A paper of exceptional interest by the eminent author and historian, James Schouler.

A BIT OF SECRET SERVICE HISTORY. By Allan Foreman. A contribution throwing light upon certain events in the late Civil War.

THE NATION'S FIRST REBELLION IN 1794. By H. G. Cutler. A graphic and authentic account of this singular episode.

TRIBUTE TO ORASMUS HOLMES MARSHALL. By William L. Stone. Mr. Marshall's portrait in steel is the frontispiece to this number of the Magazine.

DID THE ROMANS COLONIZE AMERICA?—II. Some Epithets and Idioms in the Aboriginal Indian names. M. V. Moore.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS contain an original letter from General Sam. Houston, giving his views on the subject of secession while Governor of Texas.

MINOR TOPICS has an interesting article on "Massasoit," by Rev. R. W. Allen.

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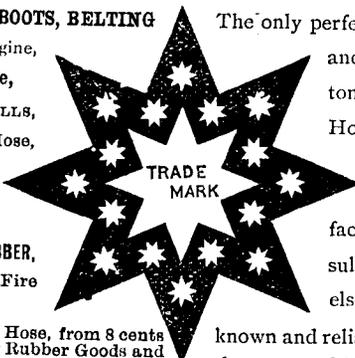
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